

Halo 2 Idiots

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Summary: Where there was one stupid being, now there are two.

'Gravemind' is up! Cowritten with my brother. R&R or the Orgy will come after you!

1. The Heretic

The commander, former Ship Master and disgraced Sangheili, could only feel his mandibles twitch as the Covenant Council prepared to judge him. The minor Prophets and Sangheili sitting above him booed and threw rotten scraps of food at him. The Sangheili commander cried out in a whiny voice, "Stop throwing things at m  OW!" He screamed in pain as a fragment of a ship's hull struck his head. His gold helmet, stained with Kig-Yar urine, sported a dent where it had been hit.

The Prophet of Truth waved a hand and intoned, "Begin."

"There was only one ship," stated the commander, holding up three fingers.

Truth smacked his hand against his face. "Why must it be the incompetent one?"

Unperturbed, the Sangheili continued, "They called it...um...hold on..." He took off his helmet, removed a paper hidden under it, and read, slowly and with difficulty, "The _Pillar of Autum...nnnn_."

"Why," queried the Prophet of Mercy, "was it not destroyed, with the rest of their fleet?"

"It fled as we set fire to their planet," deadpanned the commander. "But...I followed. With all the ships in my command."

The Prophet of Regret coughed exaggeratedly, then asked, "Tell

me...when you first saw Halo, were you blinded by its majesty?"

"Blinded?"

"Yes, _blinded_."

"No, I mean, what is 'blinded?'"

"Blinded," said Regret, "means you can't see anything."

"But I _saw _the holy ring with my own two eyes," the commander insisted, holding up four fingers this time.

Regret groaned. "_Metaphorically speaking_, you nincompoop!"

"Um...no. As a matter of fact, the sight of it...made me want to relieve myself. Which I did, of course. Which caused the controls to fry, which in turn caused the communications blackout that prevented me from saving Halo, which in turn left the ring destroyed."

Truth mocked, "Which in turn ensured that you are _blarghed_."

The commander gulped and fidgeted. "Yes, but surely you understand that once the parasite attackedâ€"

"You," answered Truth, "as hard as it is to believe, let alone _comprehend_, were right to focus your attention on the Orgy, but this Demon...this 'Master Chief'..."

"Once I learned of the Demon's intent, there was nothing I could do."

"'_There was nothing I could do_," mimicked Mercy. "Please."

In a dark corner, the Jiralhanae named Tartarus chuckled to himself as he pinched his hairy nipples in sadistic delight.

Regret whispered to his brother, "This has gone on long enough. Make an example of this bungler."

Truth continued, "You are one of our most cherished instruments. Long have you led your fleet with honor and distinction, but your inability to safeguard Halo was a colossal failure."

A Council member roared, "Nay, it was _heresy! _Heresy, I say!"

The Council dissolved into loud bickering as the Sangheili in question stood stupidly in place, nervously biting his lower mandibles until they bled. "I will continue my campaignâ€"

"No!" retorted Truth. "You. Will. Not."

Two extremely hairy Jiralhanae attempted to seize the commander, but he shrugged them off, until at last, they got a hold and dragged him from the chambers.

"Soon the Great Journey will begin. But when it does, the weight of your heresy will stay what remains of your stumpy, diseased feet, and

you will be left behind."

As he was taken away, the Sangheili screamed, "Damn! I was going to get the Zealot discount at the Great Journey gift shop!" He broke free and charged the Prophets, but Tartarus jumped from above and crushed the other alien in a tackle worthy of the Arena Football League.

"_Excruciating pain._"

2. Armory

"I can't believe what you did to the Mark V!" complained Master Sergeant Gunns. "I mean, the plating was about to fail, there's viscosity throughout the gel layer. Optics, totally fried. And let's not even talk about the power supply. You know how expensive this gear is, son?"

The Master Chief reached for the helmet and put it on. "Not that I know what you're talking about, but tell that to the 'Covie-nant.'"

"Well, I guess it was all obsolete, anyway. Your new suit's a Mark VI, just came up from Songnim this morning. Try and take it easy till you get used to the upgrades. Okay, let's test your targeting, first thing."

The Chief followed the officer to a yellow square.

"Please look at the top light...good. Now look at the bottom light...alright. Look at the top light again...now the bottom one. Okay. Tracking looks sketchy, I'm gonna run you through the full diagnostic. The diagnostic software sets your targeting system to be normal. You want me to leave it like that, or make it invert?"

The Master Chief squawked, "LEAVE IT!"

"Okay," said Gunns, a bit uneasily, "I'll leave your targeting set to normal. If you change your mind, you can switch the setting anytime. Stand by. I'm gonna offline the inhibitors."

The Chief did the Can-Can for a moment. "I like it."

"Okay," said Gunns. "When you're ready, come and meet me by the zapper."

"You got it," replied the SPARTAN. He followed the other man to the said device. On the way, he collided with a cart, knocking a can of beans off it.

"Take it easy, and pay attention, 'cause I'm only going over this once. This station'll test your recharging energy shields. Step on in. I'll show ya."

"Roger." The Master Chief stepped into the red square. "Just like on the _Autumn_."

BZZZZAAAP!

"Yowch!" His shields drained, and began to recharge. "Hey! Cool! It recharges faster."

Gunns replied, "Yup. Nowâ€" "

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Find some cover, wait for the meter to read fully charged. I know."

Sergeant Avery "A.J." Johnson sauntered into the room. "That, or he can hide behind me."

Gunns nodded to the Master Chief. "You're free to go, sir. Hey, Johnson, when you gonna tell me how you got back home in one piece?"

"Um...it's classified. Sorry, Gunns."

"Huh! My ass! Well, you can forget about those adjustments to your A2 scope!"

"That's fine! I got plenty of 'adjustments' to my 'scope,' if you know what I mean."

Gunns groaned, "Take him and get outta here."

3. Cairo Station

"Ah, Earth. It's good to see it after all these years," Johnson said, eyeballing the planet. "I wonder if they still have diplomatic immunity?"

The Chief asked, "Why's that?"

"No reason." Johnson whistled nonchalantly and looked at the ceiling.

The Chief grinned behind his visor, but he couldn't shake the feeling that the Sergeant had done something very naughty.

"When I shipped out for Basic, the orbital defense grid was all theory and politics. Now look! The Cairo is just one of three hundred geosync platforms. That MAC gun can put a round clean through a Covenant capital ship. With coordinated fire from the Athens and the Malta, nothing's getting past this battle cluster in one piece. Ships have been arriving all morning. Nobody's saying much, but I'll bet something big's about to happen."

As they moved through a crowd of cheering Marines, small robotic cameras swooped in and buzzed the super soldier. The Chief tried not to swat at them and complained, "You told me there wouldn't be any cameras. You know I hate getting my picture taken."

"And you told me you were gonna wear something nice. So smile, while we still got something to smile about."

"Sorry. This helmet is staying on."

"Suit yourself," Johnson said, and he pulled his dress pants off, revealing his freshly-loofa'd one-eyed monster. "Hello, Earth! We all

know what you _really _wanna see!"

The cameras focused on the officer's phallus and promptly exploded.

Johnson's erection wilted, and he quickly stuffed it back into his pants, which he forgot to belt. "I get it!" he said cheerfully as if nothing had happened. "I'm too pretty for the cameras."

* * *

><p>"You know," said the Sangheili commander, staring at the Grunts who taunted him, "if they came to hear me beg, they will be disappointed."<p>

"Are you sure?" laughed Tartarus as the commander was blasted with beams of orange light.

"_Nnnnng_...ow."

* * *

><p>Admiral Sir Terrence Hood greeted the two soldiers. The Master Chief and Johnson raised salutes, and the latter's pants fell down. Lord Hood glanced squeamishly at the black man's exposed crotch and cleared his throat. "Ahem. AHEM!"

The Sergeant finally understood the frantic motions of the Admiral's eyes and pulled up his pants and fastened the belt. "Excuse me, sir."

Lord Hood hiccuped, "Thank you. Gentlemen, we're lucky to have you bacâ€" Another officer whispered in his ear. "Go ahead, Cortana."

The Master Chief grinned from ear to ear as the lovely AI appeared from a holographic projector behind them. "Another whisper, sir," she informed the Admiral. "Near Io. Probes are en route."

Lord Hood cursed under his breath. "Sorry. We'll have to make this quick."

Cortana turned to the Master Chief and smiled. "You look good."

"Thanks," said the Chief and Johnson in unison.

"She said it to me," Johnson whispered.

"No, me," said the Chief, elbowing Johnson gently.

"No, _me._" The Sergeant elbowed him back.

"_ME!_" growled the Chief in a demonic tone, and he flicked Johnson's nose. After a few seconds, the loudmouthed officer toppled like a felled tree.

"Timber!" chirped the Chief in his normal voice.

* * *

><p>The Sangheili commander, stripped of his armor, trembled in terror as Tartarus approached him with arms outstretched and a horrible, toothy grin on his simian-porcine face. "No. No! NO!"<p>

The Brute chieftain seized the alien's nipples. "Twister," he growled as he twisted the brown-skinned Sangheili's nipples seven times over, relishing the extraterrestrial equivalents of falsetto screams.

* * *

><p>A young woman in Naval uniform snapped to attention.<p>

Lord Hood held out a medal. "Commander Miranda Keyes," he said, "your father's actions were in keeping with the highest traditions of military service. His bravery in the face of impossible odds reflects great credit, upon himself and the UNSC. The Navy has lost one of its best."

"Hard to believe," said Cortana sarcastically.

Miranda Keyes took the medal solemnly and murmured, "Sir."

Klaxons went off instantly. The Master Chief yelped and jerked his head from side to side, looking for the threat.

Cortana sighed and reported, "Slipspace ruptures, right by the battle cluster."

Lord Hood inspected the trajectories of the fifteen incoming Covenant vessels. "The fleet that destroyed Reach was fifty times this size. Why inâ€" "

A voice spoke on the COM. "_This is Fleet Admiral Harper. We are engaging._"

"Negative, Admiral. Form a defensive perimeter around the cluster." Hood looked at Miranda. "Commander, get to your ship. Link up with the fleet."

"Yessir." She paused and asked, "Which way is the airlock again?"

The Admiral pointed a finger.

"Right." She followed his directions and ran right into a wall. "Was that here this whole time?"

Cortana cried, "Boarding craft!"

Hood ordered, "Shouldn't you be firing the MAC cannon?"

"I _am_, screw you, sir!" replied the AI, hands on hips, glaring indignantly.

The Admiral's mouth fell open. "Screw yourself!" he shot back. "'Smart' AI, my fat, saggy ass."

"Might I!" Cortana shrieked, pretending to make love to

herself.

Commander Keyes said, "Then what's taking so long?"

"Why are you still here? You're just as tactically retarded as your old man!"

Miranda smiled and said, "Thank you. I love being compared to my dad."

Cortana said, as sarcastically as she could muster, "Great. Another genius in the family."

"'Scuse me." The SPARTAN held up his hands. "Um...I need a weapon."

"What?"

"I NEED. A WEAPON. SOMEBODY TELL ME WHERE THE ARMORY IS!"

Johnson yelled, "Downstairs! Hurry, I'm gettin' a hard-on!"

* * *

><p>The Master Chief crashed into the weapons locker, having slipped on the wet floor. He jumped to his feet, picked up a Battle Rifle and two SMGs. "Cool! New guns!"<p>

"Wait for me!"

The Chief gasped in surprise as the cartridge containing Cortana actually propelled itself down the steps to rest at his feet. "Me. Inside your head. Now," she stated as he planted the chip in his helmet.

As the supercommando, Johnson and two Marines hustled down a corridor, the loudspeakers squawked. "_Boarders in Habitat Alpha! I need a squad in Habitat Alpha, ASAP!_" A charged plasma bolt sailed past the Chief's head and put a period to that sentence. "Crap!" the SPARTAN yelled, diving for cover. Minor Grunts and a blue-armored Elite opened fire on the human counterboarders. The Chief fired both SMGs at once, and small-caliber rounds punched through the aliens' armor. The firearms tilted upward and a Marine yelled, "Chief, watch the recoil!"

"Recoil, huh?"

The Elite roared and splashed the Master Chief's shields with plasma fire. The HUD read, "**Shields are Down, Take Cover!**" He complied and ducked behind a potted plant. Three seconds passed before a new message appeared: "**Shields Recharging!**"

Our scatterbrained hero shouted, "HUZZAH!" and switched to his Battle Rifle. He zoomed in and fired at the alien's head. The Elite was obviously pissed, but the 9.5mm bullets were too much for it. Its shields failed and it staggered under the relentless fire. Four bursts later, it lay on the ground in a dead heap, purple blood oozing from the holes in its body.

The COM crackled, "_Shit! Jetpack squidheads in Recreation Platform

R-01!_"

The Master Chief knew these Elites were exceptionally dangerous, but his trip to intercept them was cut short by an even stranger sight. His eyes focused out a window and saw the Covenant retreating from the _Malta_. His jaw dropped within his helmet. "Great Arnold Schwarznegger's wrinkled biceps!"

An excited voice spoke over the COM, "_I don't believe it! They're retreating! We won!_"

"Wait a miâ€" the swabbie started, but at that moment, the other station blew apart. The Chief stared in horrified disbelief and muttered, "This is bad."

"Uh-oh!" said a Marine. "Look, they're leaving the _Athens_, too..."

The Chief glanced and saw the soldier was correct. Moments later, the _Athens _also exploded into a fiery ball.

Admiral Hood shouted, "CORTANA! GIMME AN ASSESSMENT!"

"Oh my God, you prick, it's so damn obvious!" Cortana deadpanned. "The _Athens _exploded from the inside, as did the _Malta_."

Miranda Keyes exclaimed, "I didn't know it was the Fourth of July."

"It's _not! _The Covenant brought something with them...a _bomb!_"

Lord Hood threw up over the COM, and the Master Chief heard every second of it. "Then they sure as hell brought one here. Chief?"

"Yep?"

"Find it."

"The bomb?"

"_YES_, THE BOMB! FIND THE BOMB BEFORE WE ALL GO KA-FREAKING-BOOM!"

"AAAH!" cried the Chief as he ran off into the MAC storage room.

* * *

><p>Master Sergeant Gunns cried, "Get outta my armory, split-lip!" Three shotgun reports boomed, followed by the same number of plasma shots. The man collapsed, his groin burned away.<p>

The Chief picked up the shotgun and attacked the Elite as it stalked off, laughing. "You double-dribbling, undercooked piece of fried calamari! I'll annihilate you!"

"Big word, Chief," Cortana said.

"Thanks," the petty officer replied as he kicked the eight-foot alien

trooper where its balls would've been, and cackled evilly as it pitched into a pool of its own blood with a resounding howl. However, as the Elite died, it blasted at him, melting the barrel of his shotgun. "CRAP!"

Spotting a magnum, the Chief dropped the useless weapon and grabbed the smaller gun and the plasma rifle. He moved upstairs to Commons B-01 and boarded the tram to the portside shipping. It was there that he encountered something he'd never seen before.

What looked like a huge, humanoid housefly buzzed around a corner and began taking potshots with its needler.

"A FLY!" screamed the Chief over the radio at the top of his lungs. "THERE'S A FLY IN THE STATION! OH, NO!" He whacked the rifle in his right hand into the creature's head, sending it slamming into the wall.

"Chief!" Cortana warned, "That's a Drone, a new member of the Covenant! Kill it!"

The SPARTAN tried to bring the alien down with a plasma grenade, but it was too agile. A cowering Marine nervously and blindly filled the air with lead. The Master Chief said, "Gimme those!" He yanked the SMGs from the poor man's hands and gave him the plasma rifle and magnum.

"Sure, take 'em! You're gonna need 'em!" the man said, and with that, he turned and fled, screaming "Mommy!"

Sergeant Johnson fended off another bugger, swinging at it with his belt as it sat on his chest and beat him up. "FOR THE LOVE OF EVERYTHING GOOD AND HOLY, GET THIS GODDAMN THING OFF OF ME!" His pants dropped again. One look, and the Drone, too grossed out to notice the Master Chief coming at it from behind, about-faced and vomited. The Chief screamed as the corrosive paste sizzled on his armor. Blue plasma fire knocked one SMG from his grip. Two Elite Rangers moved in, followed by...

"Oh, not _these _guys again!" An Elite Zealot, clad in gold armor and toting an energy sword, pointed at him and yelled, "_Demon!_"

The Sergeant stepped in the way. "Not so fast, Mister Angry!" The alien roared and slashed his belt in two. "Hey! That's Corinthian leather!" he protested as his pants fell down, exposing his erection. The alien looked at his member, then looked at the Sarge with lust in its eyes.

"Uh, Chief? HEEEEEEEELLLLLLLP!" cried Johnson in terror as the Zealot attempted to mount him.

The Master Chief was busy fighting off a Ranger with his bare hands. "I'm comin'!" He turned and headbutted the alien.

"No! NO! WAIT! IF YOU'RE GONNA DO IT, AT LEAST PUT ON SOME LUBE FIRST!"

The Elite paused, considered, shrugged and said, "Nah," and with a final groan of lust, it dive-bombed its member straight at Johnson's buttâ€"not that it mattered if the man's pants were still on; the

massive organ would still break through.

"NOOOO!" Johnson hollered effeminately. Suddenly the Elite stopped and realized something.

The Master Chief looked to his right and couldn't believe that the Zealot had been horny enough to drop its weapon. "OH, BOY!" He grasped the energy sword as an intense feeling of power filled him. He swung the blade and made lightsaber sounds. "Look at me! I'm Opie Scooby-Dooby Wand!" The energy sword parted the Elite's head from its neck like a square of butter.

* * *

><p>"Sir," said the Chief, "permission to leave the station."<p>

"What for?" asked Lord Hood.

"To give the 'Covie-nant' their boom boxâ€"I mean, _bomb _back."

"Permission granted."

The Master Chief dragged the huge spiny explosive into an elevator.

"Wow," said Cortana as the elevator descended, "this is easy, if crazy."

The Chief grunted, "Maybe for _you_. This thing is heavy for me!"

"Unfortunately for us both, I like crazy."

The Master Chief stepped out into a hangar and reached for the bay door control. If his insane scheme worked, the Covenant would get a very big and unpleasant surprise quite shortly.

"Just one question. What," asked the AI, "if you miss?"

"To be negative, we'll enter the atmosphere and burn horribly and painfully to death. To be positive...I won't." The SPARTAN pulled a lever and yodeled, "CANNONBAAAAAALL!" as he was yanked into the void, bomb and all, hurtling toward Earth in a course that would turn him into a human fireball over North Africa if he screwed up, an inaudible cry of "WHEEEEEEEE!" blasting from his ensanguined kisser.

A Covenant assault ship let a pulse laser blast fly, narrowly missing the Chief and instead gutting a _Marathon_-class cruiser. Two Longsword fighters rocketed past him and hit the alien vessel with every pound of ordnance they carried. A fiery hole blossomed in the side of it and the Master Chief closed with his targetâ€"the exposed fusion core. His insane, exhilarated ululation was cut painfully short as he struck the lower lip of the opening at the knees and collided with the gigantic power source.

"Ow," the Master Chief groaned, looking for the bomb. It lay to the right, nestled right in the coreâ€"and already activated.

The Chief screamed, "CRAP!" and frantically pushed off, away from the assault carrier. In ten seconds, the explosive blew up, catching the terrified supercommando in its shockwaves and tossing him smack against the hull of the In Amber Clad.

Sergeant Johnson gasped. "For a brick, he flew pretty good."

"I'll say," agreed Miranda. "Okay, Chief, hop in. Earth awaits."

The Master Chief barely got inside before the ship entered the atmosphere and dumped him on his armored rear.

4. Outskirts

The three Pelicans soared over the streets of New Mombassa, engines thundering. Cortana had intercepted a Covenant transmission and was busy deciphering it. "It just repeats. 'Regret. Regret. Regret.'"

Johnson laughed. "'Dear Humanity,'" he cracked, "'we regret being alien bastards. We regret coming to Earth. And we most definitely regret that the Corps just blew up our raggedy-ass fleet!'"

The pilots in the Sergeant's dropship shouted their approval. "Oorah!"

Cortana rolled her eyes. "No. It's a name, Sergeant. The name of one of the Covenant's religious leaders—a Prophet. He's on that carrier and he's calling for help."

"Why the Little Debbie is he here?" wondered the Chief.

A Marine sniper-spotter team checked the ground and radioed in, "Grid Kilo Two-Three is hot. Rep—"oh, what the hell does that mean anyway?" The soldier speaking picked up a rocket launcher. "Mommy said she'd take me to McDonald's to get me a Happy Meal, but I don't have a Happy Meal! GOD DAMN IT! YAAAAAAAHH!" A rocket trailed smoke as it flashed from the barrel of the weapon and blew the approaching mob of Grunts to gory blue smithereens.

Sergeant Johnson covered his ears against the "fucks" and "dammits" being broadcast. "We're goin' in. Get tactical, Marines!"

"Stand by to—"whoa..._" One of the pilots broke off at the sight of a gigantic, metallic—

"Is that a dung beetle?" asked the Master Chief.

A huge plasma shot struck the dropship's tail.

"AAAAAGH!"

—

* * *

><p>Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

"Hey, wake up."

Cortana was answered by a birdlike screech of agony. "GIGGLEBLURT!
WHY THE MXYZPTLK DOES THIS _ALWAYS HAPPEN _TO _ME?!_"

Gunshots rang out from somewhere ahead.

Johnson shouted orders, and the surviving Marines plus the stunned-silly Chief groggily made their way down an alley into a courtyard. Drones swarmed overhead, while Jackals formed crude shield walls at opposite ends of the area. The Chief popped the first Elite he saw, then fed the lesser extraterrestrial soldiers a deadly blend of ammo and plasma. A Grunt gibed, "Air breather!" and was promptly dispatched with a burst to the chest.

Someone spoke from a loudspeaker off in the distance, speaking in Swahili and English. "_Msijalie magari yenu, kuwa ni shabaha ya kushambuliwa na maadui. Yaachieni njiani na elekeeni kimbilioni. _Don't bother about your cars, they are targets for enemy attacks. Leave them in the road and head toward refuge."

"Yeah, I bet, _amigo_," said a Marine, rolling his eyes and toying with the plasma rifle he clutched.

The Master Chief huffed and puffed as he ascended a staircase to get to an M247 machine gun. "Mendoza, maybe you should get up here!"

"I'm Corporal Perez, sir!"

"My bad!" the Chief said as he sat in the turret, just as a Phantom dropship delivered a fresh load of Elites, Grunts and Jackals. "HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" he laughed like a serial killer. Instead of victory, the Covies tasted defeat and .30-cal.

Perez cried, "Wahoo!" and took up a position at the gate, only to be sent flying by the pair of Hunters that broke through it. The Corporal's body bounced off the Master Chief's helmet, but he didn't stop giving the walking tanks hell. Orange pulp splashed all over the concrete.

The SPARTAN did a disco victory dance. "HIGH SCORE!
WOKKAWOKKAWOKKA!"

Another Marine peeked out from behind some boxes. "Corporal Mackenzie reporting, sir!"

The Master Chief glanced at Mackenzie and asked, "What's that you got?"

The Marine revealed a pornographic magazine. "I found it in that box I was hiding in."

The Chief inspected the box. "Hmm...cool!" He lifted the receptacle and crouched within it. Slowly but surely, he crept down another alleyway. "I like it in this box. I think it was my destiny to be in it." As he rounded the corner, a beam of purple light flashed past him. The Marines shouted and rolled behind cover.

"Great," Cortana groaned, "Jackals with beam rifles."

Another shot punctured the box and just about took his head off. The Chief screamed, stood up and ran behind a pillar. He looked through the hole and activated his suit's zoom function. "Aha." He raised his head and instantly ducked to avoid another blast. "Crap!"

After a few seconds, the Master Chief dared to take a look. What he saw disgusted him—a Jackal humping a Marine's corpse. "Eww! Horny, horny Jackal!" A battle rifle burst sufficed to end the alien sniper's existence.

* * *

><p>"HOTEL ZANZIBAAAAAAR!" The Master Chief felt glad to drive a Warthog again. He honked the horn at the startled Elites, who didn't have time to react as he ran them over. Jackals peppered the 'Hog with fire, so he decided to take cover in a burnt-out McDonald's. The super soldier crawled behind the counter, slightly aware of the puerile Marine spotter attempting to order food.<p>

"I want a Happy Meal with extra cheese on the Big Mac."

The Chief looked up at him. "You do know this whole place is evacuated and destroyed."

"You think?" said a voice. A cashier popped his head up and looked around. "I'm the only local employee left. The Covenant may be here for twenty-four hours, but so is this eatery. And, sir," he continued to the baby-faced black man, "Big Macs don't come in Happy Meals."

The soldier began to complain, but the sound of a Warthog engine shut him up. The cashier walked over to the order speaker and said, "Welcome to McDonald's. How may I take your order?"

A pause, then a gruff voice said, "Speak!"

"You first!" replied a second, squeakier voice.

"Um...sir?" said the man, a bit uneasy.

"I want one of...uh...your human...uh, I mean...never mind...I want the...Big 'N' Tasty meal!"

"Anything else?"

"Oh oh oh! Me want chocolate chip cookie!" said the second voice.

There was the loud sound of a blow landing, followed by a shout of "Shut up!"

"Sir?"

"Um...three of your sweet, delectable, brown circle things...I mean, _cookies!_"

On any other day, this conversation would have left the Master Chief scratching his head. But today, he had a very, very bad feeling.

"Do you want to Super Siâ€" "

"NO! ME SCARED OF SUPER SIZED THINGS!"

"QUIET! Yes, yes, yes, everything!"

"Oookay...I'm the only one here, so you'll have to wait."

"Hurry up, human!" snarled the first speaker. "Uh...I mean, uh..._person!_"

The Master Chief crept around back, into the Drive-Thru. He gulped as he spotted his Warthog at the menu, manned by an Elite and two Grunts. He prepared to fire on them, when the cashier yelled, "Hey! Don't leave me here!"

The Chief ran back inside and yelled, "Butâ€"butâ€"butâ€"the Covenantâ€" "

"SIT. DOWN. SIR."

The SPARTAN shut his flapper and took a seat.

"Sorry about that, sir," said the cashier to the unseen aliens in the Drive-Thru. "So, some weather we're having?"

The hidden Elite said over the speaker, "Your planet's...uh, I mean, _city's_ airborne pathogens are causing mucus to leak out of my anus."

The cashier groaned. "_Okay_...twenty-four fifty-six at the second window please."

The Warthog pulled up to the window, and the cashier walked out of sight. There was a pause, then a cry of "HEY! THOSE AREN'T CREDIT CARDS!" followed by the sound of plasma fire, and the thud of a smoldering corpse. The cashier's arm stuck out on the other side of the wall, still holding the bags of food. The Marine spotter finally yelled, "WAAAAAHH! I WANT MY GODDAMN HAPPY MEAL!" _BOOM!_ The spotter was blown apart by a plasma grenade, and his remains landed near an advertisement poster for the fast-food restaurant's new 3.49 McOyster Meal.

The Master Chief was already firing through the window, where the barely-alive cashier groaned, "Would you like ketchup with that, sir...?" and kicked the bucket. The 'Hog scooted forward, leaving him face-to-face with the Grunt aiming the light antiaircraft gun. "CRAP!" He dove for cover as fifty-caliber rounds punched holes in dry wall. The Chief screamed into the COM, "Johnson! Perez! ANY EBSK FORCES! SPARTAN One-One-Seven is pinned down at the McDonald's on Garvey Boulevard! HELP! _HELP!_"

Suddenly, Sergeant Johnson came running with a beam rifle in hand. "Eat this!" The Elite had no time to scream before the fuschia particle beam hit the head of the Grunt it had used, at the last second, as a shield. The alien peppered the man's groin with two plasma rifles. Johnson gripped his nether regions in agony, but his genitals were still intact. "You're gonna pay for that!"

The Elite's sadistic laugh was cut off forever by the Sergeant's

immense manhood breaking its jaw and forcing the body part into its brain. Johnson looked for the other Grunt.

The five-foot extraterrestrial was sitting on a bench with a statue of Ronald McDonald and reading a newspaper upside-down. Johnson, of course, was not fooled in the least, and yanked the paper out of the Grunt's hands and said, "Find something interesting?"

The Grunt didn't bring its plasma pistol into play in time. The Sergeant removed its breath mask and watched smugly as it flailed and gagged.

* * *

><p>"YOU LIKE THAT?! YOU LIKE THAT, YOU SPLIT-CHINNED BASTARDS?! I EAT YOU GUYS FOR BREAKFAST AT IHOP!"<p>

Sergeant Johnson pumped shotgun shell after shotgun shell into the Covenant troopers guarding an immense energy cannon on a stretch of East African beach. "I just _love _being a nonplayable character! Infinite ammo, all the time!" He frowned suddenly as a problem presented itself. "Chief, show me something to fuel my rage."

"Gotcha," replied the Chief. He handed the Sergeant a music CD from the dead spotter's pocket.

"50 Cent?! _50 CENT?! I HATE HIM! ALL HE DID WAS GET SHOT NINE TIMES! _I _GOT BOREN'S SYNDROME FROM A CRATEFUL OF PLASMA GRENADES!_" He continued his rant all through their attacks on the cannons. "ALL THEY THINK IS THAT YOU NEED BLING TO GET A GIRL, BUT THAT AIN'T TRUE! IT'S THE SIZE OF YOUR SCHLONG! THAT'S WHY I LIKE THE BACKSTREET BOYS!"

"JUST SHUT THE FART UP ALREADY!" yelled the Chief.

At that moment, one, then two, then three, then _four _Drones landed on the hood of the Warthog. The Master Chief screamed like a girl and swerved to the right, causing a rollover. Johnson fell down a manhole, yelling "I'm larger than liiiiiiife!"

The Warthog tilted back up and the Marine in the gunner's position blazed away at the bugger quartet. The Chief was running away in the other direction.

"Where the hell are you going? You can't leave them there!" shouted Cortana.

"I. _HATE. _BUGS!" The Master Chief hopped into a nearby garbage can and closed the lid over his head. He had to scrunch up, so he poked out eyeholes to see.

Cortana sighed. "Does this, by any chance, have anything to do with your nightmares after you watched _Starship Troopers_ last week?"

"Ugh...they look like Hoppers that _fly_ instead of hop," the SPARTAN muttered disgustedly by way of answer.

"C'mon, Chief!" Cortana goaded jokingly. "'Service guarantees

citizenship!'"

"STOP _SAYING _THAT!" screamed the Chief, poking the barrel of his SMG out one of the holes.

The AI had had enough. "They're just giant houseflies! What's the big deal?"

"They'll take my head off! I don't wanna get decapitated! It happened to Raczak's Roughnecks!"

Suddenly, there came screams of "Run! Run! Run! Run!" from the Marine, who carried the dazed Sergeant Johnson in her arms. The gung-ho man groaned, "They can have the rest of me...just don't let them get my manhood!" He showed her his erection and a combat knife. "Here...cut it off and put it in a pickle jar and leave me behind!"

WHACK!

"And remember to tuck it in and kiss it goodnight!" the Sarge continued, unfazed by the karate chop to his head.

As the Master Chief slowly poked his head out from the shelter of the garbage can, a Drone landed right next to him and pointed its overcharged plasma pistol right in his face. Something hit it on the noggin and it fell over dead. The Chief looked at what had killed it, only to see the Marine's truncated head staring at him. He screamed and jerked back, falling out of the can. He picked up Johnson by a leg and dragged the Sergeant after him into the Warthog. "SAVE ME, JOHNNY RICO!" screamed the Chief at the top of his lungs.

"CHIEF! SLOW DOÂ€" BAM! "OWWWW!" screamed Johnson as the speeding 'Hog ran over a speed bump, causing extreme agony in his nether regions. The Warthog continued into a long dark tunnel, where they all had to fight off tons of Covenant forces. In other words, it was a long, boring fight, and the Chief simply decided to drive past most of the enemies. "Wheee!"

5. Metropolis

"I _never_ wanna go through another tunnel again!" Johnson as they exited the tunnel. The Chief parked and jumped out, strolling to where another Marine was watching the Dung Beetle continue its destruction.

"So, what's up with that?"

The Marine glanced at him and scowled. "It blew right through us," she said. "Fifty-cal, rockets...didn't do a thing. Unbelievable."

"Tell me about it," said a male Marine, rocket launcher in hand.

The trio saw a Pelican come in to land and deposit a Scorpion main battle tank on the bridge. Johnson asked the first leatherneck, "Where's your platoon?"

The woman brushed a stray hair from her face. "Wasted, Sarge."

The other Marine added, "We'll be, too, sir, if we don't get the hell outta here."

"You hit, Marine?"

"No."

WHACK!

The Sergeant yelled, "Well, _now _you are! Now listen up!" He gestured at the tank. "Usually the good Lord works in mysterious ways. But not today! This here is sixty-six tons of straight-up, HE-spewin' _di_vine intervention!" The officer paused for dramatic effect. "If God is love, then you can call me Cupid."

"What about that Dung Beetle?"

"We've run simulations. They're tough, but they ain't invincible."

"SO WHY THE FUCK CAN'T WE DESTROY THEM?!"

Johnson eye-poked the Marine, Ñ; la Moe and retorted, "We can...from inside the damn thing. Move out!"

The Master Chief took one look at the rocket launcher and chirped, "Yoink!"

"Hey!" said the Marine he took it from. "This is just a lousy battle rifle."

The Chief yelled, "Shut up!" and took aim at a Banshee. "Ooh...a target _rectum!_"

"_Reticule._"

The Chief snorted and fired. Unlike a normal rocket, this one seemed to twirl. The Elite pilot cackled, "Stupid twirly human projectiâ€uh-ohhhh..."

BOOM! The Elite screamed as his aircraft exploded out from around him.

"WOOHOO!" the Master Chief cheered, and passed the heavy weapon to the female Marine, who murmured, "They never let us use something this big in SWAT."

"Did you say 'big tw'â€AAAAHH! I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS!" Johnson screamed.

The Chief drove the tank up against the Sergeant's body. "MOVE!"

"No! No! Nonononononono! Diaz! Could you get him to _stop?!_"

The Master Chief exited the cockpit, yelled at Diaz and the newly-arrived Pvt. Chips Dubboâ€also with rocket launcherâ€and got back in. The two Marines seated themselves on the left and right frontal treads. Johnson finally thought to jump out of the way. Dubbo

shouted to him by way of farewell, "Hey, Sarge! I got my manhood flash-cloned!"

The Chief, who was growing impatient at Sergeant Johnson, looked at the controls. "Hmm...I wonder which one is the horn?" He pressed a button, and a burst of 7.62mm bullets ricocheted off a bus and struck Dubbo in the crotch.

"YEEOWWWW!" cried Dubbo in agony. "OHH!"

"Beep," whispered the Chief to himself.

"Not again," groaned Sergeant Johnson. He looked at Dubbo and frowned. "Sorry, you won't be getting any transplants from me."

Dubbo, who was in too much pain to pay any attention, just screamed, "Oh, God! I think that last bullet bounced off my pelvic bone and went into my spleen. Medic! MEDIC!"

"You'll be fine," Johnson said. "Here's your launcher back."

The young Australian took the weapon and immediately regretted it. "Reallyâ€|nastyâ€|hernia."

The Master Chief giggled happily as he fired a 90mm shell into each Covenant Ghost that attacked them. As they passed the edge of a gaping hole in the asphalt, a Banshee swooped in and knocked a Marine from the tank.

"AAAAHH!" the soldier squealed effeminately as the Elite pilot mounted him. "OH MY GOD, NO! NO!"

The Elite violated its captive's ass in one quick, brutal thrust of its penis.

"OWWW! OHHH! OOOAAAAOH!"

Johnson looked to Diaz and requested her rifle. The Sergeant carefully aimed down the sight and shot his raped comrade in the head. The Elite looked up, startled, then continued humping for a second before a second burst killed it, as well.

"Nobody should have to go like _that_," said the macho, macho man quietly.

* * *

><p>After leaving the tank for a Warthog, the Chief ran over a Jackal and landed in a park. "Huh? CRAP!" The SPARTAN leaped out of the vehicle just as it exploded from a plasma barrage.<p>

A Sergeant honked at him. "Hey, Chief, I could use a guâ€|AAH!" The Master Chief snatched the man from the driver's seat and tossed him onto the turret with one arm.

"Okay, then. I shoot, you drive. _Capisce?_"

"What?" the Chief asked.

"Do you understand?"

"Everything but '_capisce_.'"

The supercommando drove in circles until all the Covenant in the park were dead. He floored the gas pedal, cruising effortlessly past more Ghosts and another Wraith before going around a waterfall and into the city center. He rammed a third mortar tank, hopped out and boarded it. The Elite fell with four powerful punches and the Master Chief took control. As a Phantom dropship deployed more Ghosts, he fired the plasma mortar and shouted "_Say why me!_"

"You mean _c'est la vie_."

"ROAR!" the Chief yelled as he boosted the tank toward the Marine who dared correct him.

"Yikes! Sir!" shouted the Marine, who had visibly wet himself. "Corporal Perez, A Companhia"

"I _KNOW _WHO YOU ARE!" the Chief yelled in his face.

Perez flinched. "Oh, that's right. Sorry. CP's this way."

Cortana asked, "Who's in charge, Corporal?"

"Uhâ€|the Lieutenant got hit as soon as we came in. One of the gold-armored bastards humped his body." Perez grimaced, then continued, "Sergeant Banks is in command now. He's up top."

The Chief and his Marine companions ascended the stairs to rendezvous with Banks. The officer wore a communications backpack and was giving orders to a gunner. He looked the Chief over and remarked, "When I asked for reinforcements, I didn't think they'd send a SPARTANâ€|especially a _stupid _SPARTAN. And the _last _SPARTAN."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I can LEAVE IF YOU WANT!" The Master Chief opened his mouth to scream again, when he saw a truly pants-pissing scene. The gigantic Covenant machine he'd seen before strode into sight and fragged a Scorpion tank. "GREAT CAN OF RAID!"

The gunner opened up and looked at the Chief. "See this look? It's fucking _terror!_"

Banks said, "Marine, did I give you permission to bitch?"

The Dung Beetle kept on coming and walked over the roof, crushing the terrified gunner with a gargantuan metal foot.

Marcus Banks spat at the monstrosity. "This thing is really starting to piss me off!"

The Chief carefully stepped over the mess of blood and urine and followed the Dung Beetle through a warehouse. A Pelican launched missiles, killing the Covenant on deck, but more showed up to take their place. The Chief picked up a shotgun and a sniper rifle and jumped off the bridge with a cry of "COWABUNGAAAAA!" Unfortunately, he missed his mark and crashed into one of the walker's legs and plummeted into the canal.

"BLARBABLARARB!" The supercommando surfaced and swam to the offending limb. "Doggy paddle, doggy paddle, doggy paddle!"

He climbed the leg, but a veteran Elite was waiting for him and almost knocked him loose with a plasma rifle straight to the head. "Wow, stars!" BOOM!

"Aghâ€|my entrails have been misplaced!" cried the alien trooper.

The Chief primed a fragmentation grenade and chucked it. The grenade hit a Grunt on the head and knocked it out before detonating and killing every Covenant warrior on the deck, except forâ€|

"Yipe! Ultra!" he yelped as a white-armored Elite raised an energy sword and rushed him. He waited for a moment, then dodged at the last second, swiped the sword and rammed it into the alien's ass.

The Elite roared in agony. "My lower intestines have been violated!"

* * *

><p>The Chief grabbed a plasma grenade and threw it into the Dung Beetle's core. A moment later, the vehicle exploded.<p>

The Master Chief stepped out on the very top of the Dung Beetle, shotgun in hand. A Pelican flew by and Sergeant Johnson pointed at the Covenant carrier. "That's right, you motherfuckers! Run!"

"Not if we can help it, Sergeant," said Cortana."

"What?" said Johnson, spitting out his cigar. "First we try to keep the Covenant from coming to Earth, and now we don't want them to _leave? _Make up your goddamn mind!"

Aboard the _In Amber Clad_, the nav officer exclaimed, "Ma'am, Slipspace rupture off the target's bow! They're jumping _inside _the city!"

Miranda radioed Lord Hood. "Sir, the Prophet's bugging out! Permission to engage?"

"Green light! Get 'em!" came the reply.

As the last Pelican docked, the carrier jumped, followed by the _In Amber Clad_. An apocalyptic shockwave engulfed all of New Mombasa. A tourist, somehow passed up in the chaotic evacuation, eyed the blast and said, "Ooh, pretty," before he was vaporized, ice-cream cone and all.

6. The Arbiter

"Ughâ€|what's that stench?"

The Sangheili commander, having woken up, looked right into a Jiralhanae's armpit. He recoiled and vomited. "By the rings!"

The reeking Jiralhanae looked at Tartarus and asked, "How much further must we heft this _baggage? _Any cell will do. Why not throw him in with this lot?" He nodded toward a cell full of Kig-Yar, who were humping corpses and hissing angrily. "They could use the sex."

"Them?" said the second. "What about _us?_ My hard-on aches, and his ass is nice and tight, just the way I like it."

Tartarus growled, "Quiet. You two whimper like Unggoy fresh off the phallus. He's not meant for the jails. The Hierarchs have something special in mind, if you know what I mean." He laughed and his fellows joined in.

After a while, they arrived at the Mausoleum of the Arbiters, where the Jiralhanae trio made faces at the Sangheili honor guards before entering. The Prophets of Truth and Mercy chuckled and pointed.

Tartarus kneeled and spoke, "Noble Prophets of Truth and Mercy, I have brought the incompetent."

Truth waved and said, "Fine. Now get out, and take your hideous passive sex partners with you."

Tartarus' eyes widened and he stuttered, "B-But I thoughtâ€"

"NO!" Truth and Mercy yelled at once.

Tartarus and his comrades left immediately.

The commander grasped his tortured nipples and looked at the Prophets.

"The Council," began the Prophet of Truth, "decided to have you hung by your entrails, and your corpse paraded through the city. But ultimately, the terms of your execution are, of course, up to me."

"So what? I'm already dead."

"Indeed. Know where we are?"

"Theâ€|_Museum _of the Arbiters, right?"

Mercy opened his grizzled mouth to berate the nude alien, but Truth grabbed him and forced it shut. "Close enough. Here rests the vanguard of the Great Journey. Every Arbiter, from first to last. Each one created and consumed in times of extraordinary crisis."

Mercy exclaimed, "The Emasculation of the Unggoy! The Neutering of the Lekgolo! Were it not for the Arbiter, the Covenant would have fallen long ago!"

The commander complained, "Even with something up my anus, I do not belong in their presence."

Truth replied, "Halo's destruction was your error, and you rightly bear the blame. But the Council wasâ€|overzealous. We know you are no

Heretic. _This _is the true face of heresy, one who would subvert our faith and incite rebellion against meâ€|I mean, the High Council." He pushed a button to show a Heretic Sangheili denouncing the Prophets. "Our Prophets are false! Open your eyes, my brothers! They would use the faith of our forefathers to bring ruin to us all! The Great Journey isâ€"_

Truth cut the hologram off.

"Um," said the commander, "I didn't catch that last part. Can Iâ€?"

"NO!" the Prophets hollered in unison.

Truth said, "This Heretic and those who follow him must be silenced."

"Their slander offends all who walk the Path."

The Sangheili commander scoffed, "What use am I? I can't do anything."

Truth said, "Not as you are. But become the Arbiter, and you shall be set loose against this heresy with our blessing. And you will do many other suicidal tasks, so don't think you're getting off easy. The Council will still have their corpse."

"And before," said Mercy, "you may touch the holy armor, you must be blessed. Put your head under that bowl over there."

"Can't you simply wave a hand over me?" asked the commander.

"NO!" screamed Mercy.

The commander flinched. "Okay, okay, I'm doing it!" He placed his head beneath the bowl. The Prophet of Truth said, "Prepare to be anointed as the Arbiter. It _will _be unpleasant." With that, Truth lifted his robes and squatted over the bowl.

The commander's eyes widened at the sight of a Holy One mooning him only inches from his face. "Holy shit," he whimpered.

"Exactly," Mercy affirmed.

Truth cleared his throat, picked up a newspaper and began to read. "Enjoy the ride."

The Arbiter-to-be gulped, and then Truth, with a huge grunt, powerfully broke wind and excreted all over the commander's face.

"Gah," the Sangheili gasped, trying not to inhale, asked, "Is it over?"

"Oh, no. Not by a long shot," Truth said. "I feel another big one coming." He grunted again, and diarrhetic matter splattered on the commander's head.

"Asshole!" managed the commander.

Mercy laughed like a schoolgirl as he witnessed the filthy alien flailing beneath the bowl. Truth, with a final grumble, evacuated his bowels.

"I can't breath."

"Eat it."

The commander complied, licking the rest of the crap from the bowl.

Truth felt his bladder throb and said, "Hmmâ€|while you're there, I might as well tinkle."

The soon-to-be Arbiter bit his mandibles as urine cascaded over his body.

Truth grinned evilly at him. "Think of it as washing food down. And we are done." He pushed another button, and dirty water cleansed the commander's face.

The Sangheili fought the urge to vomit. He put on the silver helmet and turned to the Prophets. "What would you have your Arbiter do?"

* * *

><p>Three Phantoms flew past the ruins of Alpha Halo towards Threshold. The Special Operations leader, an Ultra named Rtas 'Sadumee, prepped his unit of Sangheili and Unggoy. "When we joined the Covenant, we took an oath!"<p>

"According to our station! All without exception!" echoed the Sangheili.

"On the semen of our fathers, on the semen of our sons, we swore to uphold the Covenant!"

"Even to our dying breath!"

"Those who would break this oath are Heretics, worthy of neither pity nor mercy! Even now, they use our lords' creations to broadcast their lies!"

"We shall grind them into dust! Wipe them as excrement from our boots!"

"And continue our march to glorious salvation!"

'Sadumee glanced in both directions, then yelled, "CAN YOU DIG IT?"

"YEAH!" responded the Sangheili and Unggoy.

'Sadumee approached the Arbiter. "That armor suits you, but it cannot hide your twisted titties."

"Nothing ever will," replied the Arbiter, making eye contact.

"You are the Arbiter, the 'noble' kiss-ass of the Prophets. But these are my Sangheili. Their lives matter to meâ€|yours does not."

"Why not?" asked the Arbiter in a whiny tone.

"_Because_â€|you're supposed to be _mutilated and killed horribly_ in battle."

"Oh. Well that makes three of us," said the Arbiter.

"We're the only ones talkingâ€|" 'Sadumee replied with a hint of confusion in his voice.

"I know," said the Arbiter, "but when I cross my eyes, there appears to be two of you."

'Sadumee gazed at the Arbiter with his jaw hanging way below his mouth. He said, "I don't think you needed to become the Arbiter to have to be killed so easily in combat."

The Arbiter wasn't listening, as he was busy staring at the other's half-jaw. "What happened to your jaw?"

'Sadumee looked at the floor, then back at the Arbiter. "The Orgy were merciless. My jaw isn't the only thing I have half of." He pointed to his crotch. The Arbiter promptly shuddered in horror.

Tartarus observed the swirling red vortex beneath a Forerunner gas mine. _Reminds me of the raped asshole of a human bitch._ "Leader, there is no doubtâ€"the storm _will_ strike the facility."

"We'll be long gone before it arrives," said 'Sadumee. "â€|I hope."

Two of the Phantoms landed and dropped a clutch of Unggoy, as well as the Arbiter and three Sangheili. The Arbiter activated his energy sword as Sadumee ordered them to prepare for combat. As he followed his brethren down a ramp to a door, the Ultra said, "We are the balls of the Prophets, Arbiter, and you are the dick. Be silent and swift, and we shall quell this heresy without incident."

A Sangheili ordered, "Engage active camouflage! Reveal yourselves only after the Arbiter has joined battle with the enemy!"

'Sadumee advised him to do the same. "Your armor's older than ours, so your active camouflage system will not last forever."

The Arbiter whined, "Why didn't the Prophets have this upgraded?"

"You're _supposed_ to die, all right? Can't give you too big an advantage."

The Arbiter grumbled and led the way into the mine. Two Heretic Sangheili were conversing inside. "I have an itch in my groin. Could you scratch it?"

"I'm not falling for that one again," the other replied.

"Oh, come on, just a littleâ€"GRAAAHH!" the first one cried as the Arbiter slashed him open from ass to belly. The second Heretic opened

fire with his carbine and yelled, "Intruders! Enemy commandos have come to violate our corpses!"

WHACK! HACK! SLASH! HUMP! The Arbiter did all four such things as he leaped over a conveyer belt, pushed a gas canister into a Heretic Unggoy's way and cut its breath mask.

A Sangheili taunted, "The Prophet of Truth sends his regards, Heretic!" He commenced humping the body.

* * *

><p>"What's this? Elevator, eh?" The Arbiter was about to push a button, when he saw a Heretic about to hit a commando over the head with a canister. WHACK! BOOM! The glowing container exploded, killing both Sangheili. Quickly, the Arbiter activated the lift and motioned for the Unggoy to follow.<p>

"We make great team," said an Unggoy.

"Yes," said the Arbiter. "When you die, you will surely enjoy the Great Journey."

The little alien frowned. "You mean, 'if' we die."

"No, '_when_.' You're commandos, but you're still Unggoy."

Another one muttered, "Me wet armor now."

They entered a hangar occupied by a Seraph fighter andâ€|

"SENTINELS! They've sided with these Heretics!" The Sangheili speaking vomited all over an unaware Unggoy.

The squad destroyed the robots, then engaged more Heretic forces. "HAHAHA!" laughed a Sangheili, firing two plasma rifles. "I'm getting high off the scent of my own blood! DIE! DIE! DIE!"

A green projectile blew him and two Unggoy into bits. The Arbiter shot the foe responsible and picked up the fuel rod gun.

Then, a Heretic Sangheili, sword in hand, entered the hangar as the Arbiter opened the doors to let Tartarus' Phantom in and roared. "Where are your Prophets now? Yeah!" he taunted in a Jimmy Cagney accent, although none of the commandos had any idea who Jimmy Cagney was. The Phantom arrived just in time, as the first lance of commandos died. It deployed three Sangheili and Unggoy. Tartarus jumped out, swung his gravity hammer and pancaked the chatty Heretic with one hit.

"What is _that?_" cried the Arbiter, pointing at the simian soldier's penis-shaped weapon.

The Jiralhanae chieftain grinned evilly and answered, "The Dick of Fukt."

"Why that?"

"Do you really want to know?" Tartarus' grin became even more

twisted.

The Arbiter dropped his sword and said, "Ah, no thanks. Are you going to stay and fight with us?"

"That depends," the Jiralhane said. "Can I have sex with each and every one of you? Including the Unggoy?"

"No! NO! NO NO NO!" pleaded the other Sangheili. An Unggoy clung to the Arbiter's leg and whined with bulging eyes, "His winky rip me apart!"

The Arbiter chuckled weakly. "No, we're good."

"Suit yourself." Tartarus growled sensually at two crossdressing Jiralhanae. "Come on! Ready for Daddy?"

"Yep!"

"Arbiter!" shouted a Sangheili warrior. "This is too much, even for a Sangheili! AAAUUGGHGH!"

* * *

><p>"Deal with him, my brothers! I will defend the Oracle!"<p>

The Arbiter groaned in frustration as the Heretic Leader left those parting words and fled in a Banshee gunship, and Heretics poured from various doors to rain destruction on the commandos. He used his active camo, snickering, "Heh heh hehâ€|suckers," snuck into another Banshee and took off.

"We've tracked the Heretic to this part of the station," Tartarus said, indicating the location with a nav point. The Arbiter opened fire on the defenders, then guided the damaged aircraft into a landing.

7. Oracle

The door slid open, and the Sangheili pair in front aimed their rifles. Nothing was there. The Unggoy advanced to either side of the room, while the others brought up the rear. 'Sadumee sniffed curiously and gripped his sword.

The Arbiter noticed and asked, "What is it?"

"That stench," said the SpecOps commander.

"Wasn't me," said the Arbiter, looking around in embarrassment.

'Sadumee cocked his head. "Not _that _stench, moron. A worse one. I've smelled it beforeâ€|"

The Arbiter was about to press him, but 'Sadumee moved on.

As they passed through the next door into a large corridor, it erupted with battle cries and rasping hoots and shrieks. They entered some sort of laboratory. Mutilated cadavers littered the floor here

and there. 'Sadumee inspected them and ordered, "Destroy them."

"Why?" said the Arbiter.

"Just do it!"

A blow each from his sword sufficed to pulverize the dead bodies.

An Unggoy shivered and said, "Me have bad feeling about this."

"You _always _have bad feeling," said another. "You had bad feeling about morning food phallus!"

Something beeped, and a Grunt pointed his plasma rifle and fired. "See! Heretic!"

It wasn't the Heretic Leader, though; merely a hologram. The image spoke, "I wondered who the Prophets would send. An Arbiterâ€¦I'm flattered."

"Come out," shouted 'Sadumee, "so we may kill you!"

The hologram laughed at them. "Get in line."

One of the commandos gave his CO a strange look. "'Come out so we may kill you?'" he asked.

"Shut up," said 'Sadumee, passing the Sangheili a fallen energy sword.

The Arbiter wet himself as something moved in his peripheral vision. "Did you mean the Paramedics?"

"Parasites, moron. Why?"

The Arbiter eyed him and said, "I saw somethingâ€¦dead." His voice became an effeminate whisper. "_But moving!_"

An Unggoy screamed and flailed as a pale green entity crawled past him.

'Sadumee said, "Stand firm. The Orgy are upon us."

One Sangheili stood rooted in horror as another penetration form slithered up the anus of a rape form the Arbiter had missed, reviving it. He wet his armor, not even noticing his flickering shields. "Fuck this," he said, and turned to run.

'Sadumee yelled, "No! Stand firm!"

But it was too late. The rape form's runny erection rose and it leapt at the fleeing commando. It mounted him and rammed its penis inside him. "AAAARRGH! HELP ME, COMMANDER!"

'Sadumee opened fire, but the carbine shots failed to faze the monster. "Why isn't this thing WORKING?!" He switched to his sword, and along with the Arbiter, cut both the commando and rape form down.

* * *

><p>The Arbiter saw the Heretic Leader run through a door. He pursued, but a force field appeared behind the door.<p>

"This will save me from the storm, but you shall be consumed. Nah-nah nah-nah nah-nah!" The Heretic Leader mooned the Arbiter before fleeing farther. The Arbiter pounded a fist angrily.

"Damn!"

'Sadumee caught up and saw the force field. "Stinking Orgybait's boxed himself in tight."

"Get everyone back to the Phantoms," said the Arbiter as an idea struck him.

"Why?"

"The cable. I'm going to cut it."

"Okay, you do that. And by the way, after you cut them, try not to jump."

Two Sangheili praised him as they followed 'Sadumee back to the Phantoms. "May our lords guide you. We shall not forget your sacrifice. Until the next Arbiter comesâ€"then you'll be forgotten like the others."

The Arbiter sprinted up a ramp, slicing and dicing any Orgy dumb enough to get in the way. The elevator he got in ascended to a large room, where Orgy and Sentinels did battle. Quickly, he cut one cable, then two, then three. The station tilted and then began to drop.

The Arbiter grinned and jumpedâ€"he merely hovered a meter high. "Hmâ€|"

Suddenly, his body zipped into the air. "HOLY SHIIIIIIIT!" he cried as he rocketed hundreds of feet above the gas mine and slammed into the belly of the Phantom with a loud BANG.

'Sadumee turned to Tartarus and said, "I think you hit him."

"Did I?" the horny Jiralhanae asked with another sadistic smile and laughed so loud, the Unggoy all took a pee in their armor.

"AAAAAAAHHH!" The Arbiter plummeted towards the Forerunner facility in Wile E. Coyote fashion, slowly becoming smaller and smaller from above until a small mushroom cloud poofed into existence where he'd landed. The Arbiter weakly raised a sign that read: _HURTS, DOESN'T IT?_ With bloodied mandibles, he mumbled to himself as he entered another Banshee in pursuit of the Heretic Leader.

* * *

><p>"AHA!" slurred the Arbiter with two swollen eyes. "I finally got you."<p>

The Heretic Leader turned and faced him. "I'd rather die by your hand than what the Prophets have in store for us all."

"Who told you these lies?"

Musical humming reached his ears. He looked up and spotted a silver, blue-eyed machine descend to the Heretic Leader's side. "Theâ€|the Oracle!"

The AI said, "Why, hello! I am 343 Guilty Spark, the monitor of Installation 04."

"Ask him about Haloâ€|how they would sacrifice us all for _nothing!_" spat the Leader.

"More questions?" wondered Spark. "Splendid! I'd be happy to assist you."

The Arbiter asked, "What _is _the deal with the Halos? They're holy relics, aren't thâ€"OWOWOWOWOW!" He ducked behind a crate as the Heretic Leader peppered the spot with plasma fire. "That's not nice!"

The other Sangheili laughed. "_Nice? _I'm _never _nice. Not even to my mother." He created two holograms of himself, which began looking for the Arbiter.

The Arbiter activated his comm. "'Sadumee, I need some help!"

'Sadumee answered him. "I'm seeing the fight from a security device. He's created two copies of himself, so hit the middle one."

"But I have double vision!" cried the Arbiter.

'Sadumee did some mental Covenant arithmetic. _If one penis is surrounded by two balls, then the penis in this case would be surrounded by three balls on each side. But if there are six Heretic Leaders from the Arbiter's point of view, then there can't be a middle one which means the Arbiter is fucked. Yup, I'm so smart!_"Arbiterâ€|there _is _no middle one, so you're on your own. Bye!"

"Oh _great_," groaned the Arbiter.

Meanwhile, Guilty Spark was blathering, "This mining facility predates Installation Alpha by several hundred years. It was retrofitted to research possible offensive and defensive measures against the Orgy. Indeed, I_ blah blah blah blah blah blahâ€|_"

The Arbiter looked at one of his foes, who said, "After I kill you, Arbiter, I will _blah blah blah blah blah blah_ and enjoy every second of it!" He shook his head, raised his sword, said, "Oh, well. Now or never," and took a swipe at the first Heretic Leader that came by.

"GAAAAHH!" screamed the Leader as he fell to the floor in a bloody mess. "Lucky shot. Ughâ€|"

* * *

><p>Guilty Spark eyed the fallen Sangheili as the Arbiter dragged him

into the Phantom. "How unfortunate. His edification was most enjoyable."<p>

"I had no choice, holy Oracle. This Heretic imperiled the Great Journey."

"'Oracle?' 'Great Journey?' Why do you meddlers insist on using such inaccurate verbiaâ€œ_Oohh, my!_"

The Arbiter watched Spark be sucked in by the Dick of Fukt. Tartarus said, "Well done."

"_That's_ the Oracle."

Tartarus glanced at the sputtering robot and shrugged. "So it is."

Guilty Spark shouted, "What are you doing? Where am I being taken? AAAAAHH!"

The Heretic Leader looked up at Tartarus and grinned. "Your face only your mother could love."

Tartarus whacked him with his hammer.

"It's gonna take more than that to kill me," said the Heretic Leader, whose skull was broken. Tartarus, naturally, hit him again. "Yeah, that oughta do it."

"Way to go!" said 'Sadumee. "He is tough. He is brave. He is killer." He bumped chests with the Arbiter and the other warrior was promptly knocked out. "He isâ€œ|unconscious? Oops."

8. Delta Halo

All was quiet in space. Then suddenly, a Slipspace rupture exploded into existence, and the Prophet of Regret's carrier cruised out from itâ€œfollowed by various New Mombasa buildings, and, of course, the _In Amber Clad_.

Miranda went flying from her seat and hit the viewport glass. She got up, winced and said, "Report."

A technician said, "Engine cores have spun to zero. We're drifting."

Another said, "Archer pods are cold. I'll have to re-key 'em."

"Okay, we're drifiting. Someone get out and push."

"Ma'am," asked the nav officer, "are you all right?"

Miranda grabbed him by the collar and cheerily dragged him to an airlock. "Make it snappy."

"No, wait! I don't have a suit on yeâ€œ"

Miranda pushed him in, closed the inner hatch and opened the outer

one. The crewman inaudibly screamed at the top of his lungs, banging on the hatch with one arm and holding on to a bulkhead for dear life with the other, but the commander smiled at him stupidly as his face turned blue and his head exploded all at once.

Another tech looked at her in shock and said, "I think I'm gonna hurl."

Miranda's grin melted away. "Whoopsie. Sergeant, sorry for the quick jump. You still in one piece?"

Sergeant Johnson was busy pleasuring himself in a drop pod. He jumped at her voice and said, "Yeah, yeah, I'm good. Chief?"

The Master Chief had just finished throwing up all over the pod floor, so Cortana answered for him, "_We're _fine."

"Object coming into view, now, ma'am!" announced a techie.

Commander Keyes looked at the thing with wide eyes. "Cortana," she asked, "what _exactly_ am I looking at?"

"_That_," the AI replied rather grimly, "is another Halo."

Johnson spat out his cigar. The Master Chief looked at the ringworld from the small window and began vomiting again, as well as soiling himself.

Miranda said excitedly, "So _this _is what my pop found and was killed on. Isn't it a superweapon or something?"

"It is. If activated, we'll all be fucked up beyond all repair."

The Chief cringed. "I hate it when things are like that."

Miranda asked Cortana for all the info she had on the first Halo—"Schematics, topography, rest stops, whatever. I don't care if I have the clearance or not."

"Roger, ma'am."

"Okay, we have to capture the Prophet of Regret. We'll find out why he came to Earth, and why he came here," said Miranda. "Chief, take the first platoon. Hard drop. Secure an LZ."

"Oh, goody," said the Chief, rubbing his armored hands together. "Finally, some above-average Marines."

To Johnson, she ordered, "Load up two flights of Pelicans and follow them in."

"Ma'am!" the sergeant replied. He got out of his pod and banged on the Chief's in encouragement. The SPARTAN hit back.

"Once you go, you're on your own."

"Can we launch already?" asked the Chief, holding on to his bladder. "If I don't find a decent place to pee, I think I might short-circuit my armor."

* * *

><p>"WHEEâ€"EEâ€"EEâ€"EEâ€"EEâ€"EEâ€"EE!"<p>

The drop pods rattled like maracas on the way down. As they entered the atmosphere, parachutes deployed on each pod. The ensuing jolt caused the Master Chief to involuntarily wet himself.

Meanwhile, on the surface, a Jackal tried to have sex with a Grunt, but the other alien kept running away. The Jackal looked up, spotted the incoming pods, and activated its arm shield. The Grunt hopped into a heavy plasma turret and opened fire.

The Chief's pod landed, and he jumped out, SMG at the ready. "Here we go," said Cortana as the supercommando shouldered a rocket launcher and prepared to fight.

An ODST who sounded a lot like Pvt. Dubbo shouted, "Sir, we have to take out those turrets!"

The Chief aimed at the first gun he saw and fired a rocket. The Grunt gunner failed to bail in time and was sent flying. A veteran Elite kicked him off his feet and growled, "Your death is at hand!"

The Chief looked at it funny and hit it with the launcher. The Elite groaned and held its bloody chest. It tried to hit the human, but the Chief stepped back and whacked the alien shock trooper a second time.

"Ow! My shields!"

WHACK! The Master Chief swung again and watched the Elite fall over dead. "That was easy." He giggled and ran past a Helljumper who was pinned down by Jackals. The Chief paused to shoot them in the back, then stormed the stone structure up ahead. Grunts yelped and screamed as 5mm bullets spilled their blood. At last, the Master Chief punted a Jackal sniper off a ledge and took its beam rifle.

Suddenly, a white-hot sledgehammer slammed into his back. "AAAAGH!" The Chief spun around just as the sneak-attacking Jackal loosed another bolt of overcharged plasma into his chest. He coughed up what appeared to be blood and backed up instinctively, only to fall over the ledge. The SPARTAN grabbed ahold just in time. The Jackal approached, pistol glowing, ready to finish the human once and for all.

"Chief," said an ODST, "duck!"

He weakly obliged and mentally cheered when a particle beam blew the alien's head off from behind. The Chief managed to hoist himself back up.

Cortana informed him that he was bleeding from the mouth.

"Blood? That's not blood. I ate tons of Starbursts this morningâ€|just the red ones. Must've melted." When the Chief looked around, half the Helljumpers were dead.

"Well," Cortana reassured him, "if they were regular Marines, they'd _all_ be dead."

The Master Chief noticed a few ODS'Ts crying like babies and wondered if they'd make it. He replied seriously, "I find your lack of _cake _disturbing."

"O-kayâ€|Chief, look! Inbound Phantom!"

The Master Chief groaned. "I'm getting too old for this. What's my age again? Twenty-six? Twenty-seven?"

"More like forty-one," Cortana said.

"Wow. All those Gummy Vites were my birthday presents, huh? Yum."

With the Helljumpers' help, he launched rockets at the dropship's heavy plasma turrets and threw grenades at the Covenant infantry that made it to the ground. Another Phantom moved inâ€"with the same results.

Sergeant Johnson's Pelican flew overhead and deposited a Warthog for them, while the Marine said, "There's a big building in the middle of this island's lake."

Cortana agreed, "Yeah. If I were a megalomaniacâ€"and I'm _not_â€"that's where I'd be. Incidentally, why didn't you just attack them there?"

"Are you nuts? There's Mr.'s Angry all over the place!"

The ODS'T sergeant who'd saved the Chief said, "What in the hell is a 'Mr. Angry?'"

"Hey, the Chief thought it up. It means any squidhead that is pissed off and packin' a sword. And _only _if they got a sword."

The Master Chief sat down to collect himself. If there were that many high-rank Elites, the Helljumpers wouldn't last a second on the lake. He sat up. "Let's do this."

* * *

><p>The LRV ran over a pair of surprised Jackals and rounded a bend. The Aussie ODS'T in the passenger seat whistled at the view and said, "Looks like a postcard. Dear Sargeâ€|Kicking ass in outer space. Wish you were here."

Seconds later, Johnson retorted, "I heard that, jackass!"

"WRAITHS!" screamed the other man abruptly. "WRAITHS ON THE FAR SIDE!"

The Chief spun the steering wheel frantically, but failed to evade the plasma mortar. The 'Hog tumbled end over end. Fortunately, it landed upright, right by the building they needed to get into. The Master Chief hauled ass inside, running past every Covenant to press a button to extend the bridge.

Meanwhile, the Warthog's gunner had taken the driver's seat and had parked in a way that would let his comrade fire rockets at the Wraith

without exposing them to its weapon. The Chief said, "Tank, please."

The Pelican dropped a Scorpion for them. "IDIOT!" yelled the ODST sergeant as the tank almost crushed the Warthog. The Pelican pilot flipped him the bird and yelled, "At least I can properly operate a vehicle!" With that, he flew off cackling.

The officer began crying. "They didn't teach me enough in boot!"

"WILL! YOU! SHUT! UP! AND! HOP! ON?!" the Chief hollered at him. As the Helljumpers positioned themselves, the tank's engine rumbled and it zoomed across the bridge and into a maze of ruins.

* * *

><p>"We've got a Pelican coming in!" cried the ODST with the rocket launcher. "Let's clear an LZ!"<p>

The Master Chief fired at a cluster of stationary shields and drove the tank over them. He parked the tank and jumped out with guns blazing. Grunts and Elites tried in vain to repel the armored super soldier. Soon, they all lay dead.

As the Pelican dropped supply canisters and a squad of regular Marines, the stationary shields reactivated. KA-BOOM! The Scorpion exploded and went flying dozens of feet into the air. The Master Chief, already dazed by a blow to the noggin from a canister, screamed and dove out from under the falling vehicle's shadow. BAAAM! One of the Marines wasn't so luckyâ€"half of his bloody corpse stuck out from beneath the treads.

"Oh, shit!" said the ODST sergeant.

The Chief grabbed the man by the legs and pulled with all his might. He freed the body, but all that remained of the soldier was everything from his ass down. "Ohâ€|" he whispered. "â€|Crap."

Gunfire sounded from farther inside the structure. The surviving humans exchanged shots with Covenant infantry in a clearing. A hologram of the Prophet of Regret spoke of the Covenant's origin, but the Chief didn't listen until every alien there was finished.

"The Covenant, as you all know, is not only an agreement, but also a sexual postion. It was when the Prophets had sex with the Elites all those years ago that the Covenant was formed. Yes," the holo continued, "nice, hot, warmâ€""

Irritated, the Master Chief blew up the projector and muttered, "I can't take much more of this. Okay, let's go!" He led the charge up an incline, pausing to kill some Grunts and headed through a small canyon. "Off the rock, through the bush, nothing butâ€"_Jackal?!_" he screeched. The alien whirled around and fired its rifle. The Master Chief rushed the Jackal and grappled with it until he forced it to the edge of a waterfall and kicked it over. "Stupid dried-out _Spanksforliving _turkey!"

"Thanksgiving," said a Marine behind him.

"DID I _ASK _TO BE CORRECTED?!"

The soldier opened his mouth to replyâ€"but what came out was, "My balls! Leftyâ€|rightyâ€|!"

A second purple beam drained the SPARTAN's shields. "Yaaaaaahoo-hoo-hooooo!" He fired in every direction, and realizing he hadn't hit any targets, hurled himself down the waterfall.

The last ODST inched his way down to the ground. "Wait up, Chief!"

The petty officer emptied the last three rounds in his rifle into the mouth of a rookie Elite and ran screaming at the top of his lungs into a cave. A few seconds later, he came back out, still screaming, pursued by a clutch of eager Drones. "THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! AAAAAAAHH!" The Master Chief put the Marine over his shoulders and ran into a small building. Unfortunately, his screaming alerted two Elites in ornate red-and-gold armor, and they attacked.

"CRAP! What are these guys?"

Cortana piped up, "I forgot to tell you about Honor Guards."

"It's okay, Chief!" encouraged the other man. "I'm with you all theâ€"

SLASH! The ODST's headless cadaver fell over with a thump. He was still briefly alive, though, and managed to say, "I guess notâ€|"

The Master Chief backed up and squeezed the triggers of the two magnums. The Elites slowly but surely died. With that taken care of, the Chief eyed the Regret hologram and listened.

"I will activate Halo! Witness the moment of a lifetime! Buy tickets for the good seats now before they're all gone! Free nachos and cheese dips for all!"

9. Regret

"Wait!" Cortana cried. She snapped her fingers, and the Regret holo "rewound" and played over. "I will activate Halo!" said the image again. "Witness the moment of a lifetime! Buy tickets for the good seats now before they're all gone! Free nachos and cheese dips for all!"

"That's what I _thought _he said," the AI commented grimly.

"Free nachos and cheese dips?" asked the Master Chief. His stomach rumbled as he thought of food.

Cortana shook her head. "Noâ€"the part about activating this ring."

"Oh." The Chief snapped out of his reverie. "You sure?"

"_Yes,_" Cortana said insistently, "I just played the thing in

fucking _English!_"

"_Okay! Okay! _You don't need to shout! You're right next toâ€" The Chief paused, then noticed her holo was gone. "â€"_In _me. Uh, Commander? We have a little eenie-weenie problem."

Miranda was busy picking her nose while watching two crewmen mud-wrestle in thongs, as per her orders. "What now?"

The SPARTAN palmed his visor. "This is _serious!_"

Miranda blinked twice, and frowned. "Oh, right. Regret's gonna activate it, isn't he?"

"Yep."

"But from what I understand, he'll need that thingamajigâ€|what's it called?...the _Index_. Sounds like a book. So we need to look in a Library."

Cortana broke in, "Ahâ€|close enough."

Commander Keyes ordered, "Johnson, suit up. We gotta beat the Covenant to the Library."

"Ma'am, yes, ma'am!"

"Chief?"

"Yeah?"

"I want you to tear Regret's heart out and show it to him."

The Chief accepted some fresh battle-rifle mags from a Marine as they secured the area. "Gotcha," he answered.

Sergeant Johnson shouted, "Pimp-slap that bastard for me!"

"Sarge? _Pimp _is a gangsta word. You're not gangsta. You like boy bands."

Johnson denied, "No, I don't. I like heavy metalâ€|well, I _do_ dig the Backstreet Boâ€" "

"AAAAHH!" screamed the Master Chief as a Drone, without warning, landed on his head. He was bitch-slapped across the visor by the insectoid creature several times before a combination of SMG and rifle fire blew its ass through its mind. The two Marines responsible leaned out from cover and helped him put down the rest of the buggers. They moved outside to confront the rest of the Covenant force.

The Master Chief noticed some Jackal snipers hanging back. He was bringing his rifle to bear when, at that precise instant, the Marine packing the SMG yelled, followed by the discharge of a beam rifle. The other Marine yelled, "Aw, shit!"

The Chief peered around the cornerâ€"then promptly scuttled back as yet another particle beam missed his noggin by millimeters. The rifle-toting Marine was blind-firing in a panic, completely ignoring

the minor Grunt sneaking up on him. The Master Chief absentmindedlyâ€”if not instinctivelyâ€”picked it up and chucked it into the water hundreds of feet below.

Cortana, dismayed at the freaked-out Marine's waste of ammo, muttered, "Whatever happened to 'one shot, one kill,' anyway?"

The Marine reloaded, leaned around a corner and took aim at an Elite. His rifle clicked; not one 9.5Ã—40mm round exited the barrel. "Malfunction!"

The Master Chief huddled next to him. "Problem?"

"Yeah, something's wrong with this thing." The man pointed the weapon at himself and squeezed the trigger, still to no effect. "It keeps jammin'. See?" He stepped back for room to hold out the rifleâ€”right before a sniper shot ripped into his head.

"_SHAZBOT!_" the SPARTAN cried, going prone and protecting his head with his hands.

The man wasn't quite dead. He lived long enough to choke, "This is what happens when you rip off lines from other popular games, Chief."

The Master Chief, jerking his head up at the blue sky, screamed, "WHY, MARCUS FENIX? WHY?"

At that moment, the aforementioned majordomo Elite attempted to bonk our scatterbrained hero upon his shiny green dome. Roaring with rage, the Master Chief blindly took out his anger toward the COG by snatching the dead Marine's battle rifle and beating the startled alien warrior upside the head with it over and over and over again.

"Ow! Oh! Agh! Ugh! AARGH!"

"Brother down!" a minor Elite criedâ€”too late. The Master Chief went on a murderous rampage, howling like the Cable Guy running through Steven Kovac's door. Grunts, Jackals and Elites alike were elbowed, suplexed, shot-put and otherwise made to suffer serious bodily harm as they fired on John-117 to no avail. When the Chief finally calmed down, he'd arrived at a small courtyard. Three sniper Jackals and two Elites, a minordomo and majordomo, were waiting. The Chief blew the blue-armored bastard's head off and was about to shoot the other alien, when it spoke to him in a voice that suggested someone had a very firm grip on its testicles. "Demonâ€”drop your weapons!" it commanded, raising its carbine.

The Chief took his helmet off, fixed the eight-foot extraterrestrial warrior with a fierce look, growled demonically, and then let loose a deep roar. "COME AND GET 'EM!"

The Elite said, "So be it!" and with that, charged him. The Chief waited until the alien was almost on top of him. "Quick decision!" He grabbed the Elite by the chest armor and heaved it over his head.

Unbeknownst to him, the alien had managed to seize his shotgun. "Now you will die."

The Chief just grinned wickedly and pulled the trigger. BOOM!
Eight-gauge buckshot blew his foe's guts out through its back.

The Jackals promptly let go of their rifles and jumped into the water far below.

"Yeah! Go on and run, turkeys!" The Master Chief shook a fist at them triumphantly.

* * *

><p>The Prophet of Regret spat his glass of Unggoy blood into the face of the Sangheili colonel in front of him. "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN, HE BROKE THROUGH YOUR FORCES?"<p>

The other alien looked at him stupidly, liquid dripping from his mandibles. "I guess we were ill-prepared for his arrival, Your Holiness."

"I _TOLD _YOU THE DEMON LANDED ON THE SACRED RING!"

"But," said the Sangheili, "you did not say _where_. All we got was a transmission was that he was here to kill you."

"IF YOU KNEW HE WAS OUT TO KILL ME, DON'T YOU THINK HE WOULD BE _HERE?_" screamed Regret, spittle flying from his wrinkled lips.

The warrior mumbled, "Why didn't you tell me the humans knew your exact location, then?"

Regret practically jumped out of his gravity chair. "I _DID!_"

"Well, you could've reminded me when I got here."

"BY THAT TIME, YOU IDIOT, HE'D ALREADY BE PAST OUR FORCES!" Regret yodeled.

The Sangheili soldier mumbled something unpleasant.

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

"Nothing. I just think you have anger issues."

The Prophet was on the verge of ripping the other alien's head off, when the Sangheili continued, "Should I dispatch another commando team to exterminate the Demon, Holy One?"

Regret turned around to think, waving a hand dismissively at the idea. "No, no! That is not good enough! You need to sendâ€" He slowly turned back to face his inferior. "â€"Lekgolo._"

"Good idea," said the Sangheili in white armor. "Andâ€"but_â€"if the Demon should shoot them in the back, as is standard human procedure?"

A vein in Regret's forehead began to throb. "Don't make me bring Tartarus in here. You know how much he enjoys taking those among your rank."

The Sangheili gulped nervously, replied, "As you will it, Excellency," and pushed a big red button marked **LEKGOLO**.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, the Master Chief was clad in a Hawaiian shirt, khakis and sandals, save for his helmet, which he always kept on during downtime.<p>

"How can you sip that fruit punch if you have your helmet on?" asked Cortana.

"Heck if I know," said the SPARTAN. Suddenly, a Phantom swooped in and dropped another Hunter pair.

Cortana muttered, "We're toast."

"AAAAAAAHHH!" The Chief dove inside the small structure in the middle of the courtyard to put on his MJOLNIR armor. "Ankle plates, leg plates, arm plates, shoulder plates, gloves, boots, helmet!" He looked around. "HELMET?"

"Chief," said Cortana, "you're _wearing _it!"

"WHO SAID THAT?" The Master Chief jumped into the air and hit his noggin on the ceiling. "OW!"

Green glows emanated from outside as the Hunters poured snaking fuel-rod-gun fire into the SPARTAN's position.

The Chief screamed, "DONALD TRUMP'S UNRULY HAIR!" and returned fire, pumping shell after shotgun shell with no effect. "Somebody HELP MEEEE!"

Suddenly, there was a huge, blinding explosion of energy, much like a supernova. From the field of cosmic waves came none other thanâ€|

"Sâ€|SANJAYA MALAKAR?"

"That's right!" said the atrocious _Idol _reject, whose current hairstyle closely resembled a pagoda. "Here's one o' my favorites!"

_Girl, you really got me now

>You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'
Girl, you really got me now

>You got me so I can't sleep at night

_Girl, you really got me now

>You got me so I don't know where I'm goin', yeah
Oh girl, you really got me now

>You got me so I can't sleep at night

_You really got me

>You really got me
You really got me_

The Hunters and the Chief all reacted to Sanjaya's singingâ€"if it could be dignified as suchâ€"with equally earsplitting caterwauling.

"MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT _STOP!_" The Master Chief struggled to raise his shotgun to shoot himself in the head and end this discordant agony.

_You really got me
>You really got me
You really got me
>Oh, oh, oh

The Hunters vibrated in their almost impenetrable armor like Jell-O during an 8.0-magnitude earthquake, and then burst in a shower of orange gore. The alien ichor splattered all over Sanjaya's wacky 'do. "My hair! It's _ruined!_" The wannabe pop-rocker picked up a magnum and put a bullet in his head.

Even Cortana hadn't escaped Mr. Malakar's screechfest. "Chief?" she said, dazed, "the Blue Screen of Death is flashing before my eyes."

* * *

><p>The Prophet of Regret accidentally triggered the firing mechanism for his throne's hidden weapons, narrowly missing the Sangheili Ultra with golden beams of death. The officer's mandibles were scorched, and he growled in long-suppressed anger.<p>

"Something BOTHERING YOU?" screamed Regret, the aftershock of his voice shaking the temple and causing the Ultra's eyes to bug out again, this time for good.

The Sangheili colonel said, "N-noâ€|just a little constipationâ€|that's all."

Regret laughed evilly. "Indeed! Your eyes are bigger than your stomach!"

"YEOW!" cried the other alien as he forced his eyeballs back into their sockets. "It makes no sense, Excellency, but the Lekgoloâ€|_exploded_."

"There are only _two _aliens that have that much hair on their heads. And since Tartarus is here with us, it could only be Sanjaya Malakar." Regret picked up a passing Unggoy by the head and squeezed with all his might until brains and gelatin poured into his cup. Regret took a sip and smacked his lips. "Aged like 'fine wine,' whatever it is."

"Holy One, did you mean the hair on Tartarus' _head _head, or on hisâ€|"

Regret threw the cup at him furiously. "I've told you a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, _THOUSAND_ TIMES!" He banged a fist in time with the last "thousand." The Unggoy custodians cleaning outside, the ones whose blood the Prophet drank, promptly fainted. "YOU KNOW I MEAN THE HAIR ON HIS _PENIS!_" The Word of the Phallus, one of the holiest words in the Covenant dialect, reverberated off the walls and caused the already-unconscious Unggoy to wet themselves.

Suddenly, there was a loud _pop _and a fizz of air. "FORERUNNERS _DAMN _IT!" Regret raged. "I've suffered an aneurysm!" One side of

his head had literally deflated. "Now you shall pay your obedience to the Gods."

The Sangheili Ultra racked his brain for whatever duty he'd be performing. When he finally figured it out, he gasped and stared at his superior in disgust. "No! I will not! I refuse! Disembowel me, feed me to the Kig-Yar, but I _refuse _to give you a blowjob!"

The Prophet of Regret waved off what he thought was a mere overreaction. "It won't be as big a load as usual. I've pleased myself once today. Still, I suggest you brace yourself. And wearing goggles might help, too."

The Sangheili stood in defiance. "I quit!" he shouted suddenly, and began to leave.

The Prophet grinned evilly. "A shame. I've always admired your race's independence and bravery, but most importantly, your _carnal behaviors_." He smacked his lips again. "But the Sangheili aren't alone in that. TARTARUS!"

The Jiralhanae Chieftain entered the chamber in a flash. Kneeling before Regret, he asked, "What is it you require, Holiness?"

Regret pointed at the Sangheili Ultra. "I need you to execute this one by means ofâ€|" He grinned suggestively. "â€|_Penetration._"

At this word, the Jiralhanae's smile became as wide as his boner did long. The Sangheili looked at the gigantic dick, muttered, "I'm outta here." He ranâ€"no, _sprinted _for his life.

Tartarus rumbled, "I love it when they put up a chase."

The Sangheili saw a Banshee a few yards ahead, the alien equivalent of lactic acid burning in his legs. He turned around and Tartarus pounced. The alien screamed "YAAAAAAGH!" as the dick up his ass tore him in two.

"Oh, Tartarus," Regret moaned, "I haven't felt this good since I banged your mother."

Tartarus lifted his head in horror. "Mommy?"

"Did I tell you to stop sucking?"

"No, Daddy!" Tartarus continued sucking the Prophet's willy.

"YESâ€|YESSSS!" The Prophet of Regret's orgasm was so intense, Tartarus was thrown through the roof by the torrent of jizz. When he landed, he created a huge crater. Regret lit a cigarette. He blew a smoke ring, looked at the crater, and said, "_Damn!_ Now _that's_ some good sex!"

* * *

><p>The Master Chief peered into the sky, watching the incoming Pelican. "Good," he said, "I could use backup."<p>

The aircraft dropped several canisters, which the SPARTAN called

"bird droppings." The Chief picked up a sniper rifle and targeted an incoming gondola full of Covenant. A minute later, they were all dead.

The Master Chief hopped aboard the gondola with the Marinesâ€”Dubbo and Perez, to be precise. A flick of a switch, and they were on their way.

"I'm Popeye the Sailor Man/_TOOT!_/I'm Popeye the Sailor Man!/_TOOT!_" sang the Chief absentmindedly. "I'm strong to the finish/'Cause I eats my spinach/I'm Popeye the Sailor Man/_TOOT!_"

After a few more firefights, the Chief and company entered the first temple. The Chief shot every Covenant warrior, screaming incomprehensible gibberish, and only shut up after he had stolen a fuel rod gun from its Grunt wielder.

"Ah," said Cortana, "now I see. There's a submerged section that connects these towers to the outlying structures. Looks like we're going down. Unless you'd prefer to swim."

But the Master Chief wasn't listening. He chucked a plasma grenade on top of the ascending elevator and, grinning as the explosion killed the Jackals within, boarded the car. He swished a finger around the different buttons. "Do I want 'Garage,' 'Lobby' or 'Second Temple?'" His stomach growled again, and he moved to ****CAFETERIA****.

"CHIEF!" shrieked Cortana. "FOCUS, DAMN IT!"

"Sorry!" He pressed the right button. Suddenly, he rememberedâ€”

"My battle rifle!" The Chief jumped out despite the Marines' protests and recovered his gun, clutching it lovingly. He turned around to get back in the elevator, only it, of course, wasn't there. "Oh, buttersticks." The Chief leapt into the shaft and screamed as he fell. Suddenly, he was teleported into the car, but he continued screaming until Dubbo gave him a shot of Ritalin.

Cortana cleared her throat. "You might want to know," she offered, "I've intercepted a secure transmission from Regret's carrier to something called 'High Charity.' It seems to be a formal apology to the Prophets of Truth and Mercy. Apparently, Regret jumped the gun when he attacked Earth. He's asking the other Prophets to 'forgive his premature ejaculation'â€”sorry, '_arrival_'â€”arguing that 'no human presence was foretold.' That explains why there were so few ships in his fleet. But why would a Prophet would have such bad intel about his enemy's homeworld?"

The Chief wasn't listening, instead eyeballing the various aquatic lifeforms passing by. "Oohâ€”pretty fish."

* * *

><p>The lift jerked to a stop, and the Chief, Dubbo and Perez exited out. The Master Chief said, "I'm going first. You wait here."<p>

"Why? 'Cause we're just Marines?" demanded Perez indignantly.

"Noooooâ€|actually, kind of, yeah," the SPARTAN said, "but it just so happens that I have shields and you don't." He blew a raspberry. "If there's anything waiting for us, I won't be killedâ€|I hope." The Chief whirled around the corner and instantly collided with an Honor Guard Elite.

"Demon!" yelled the alien.

The Chief screamed effeminately and ducked, but the Elite had already bore down on him, energy sword in hand. The SPARTAN's head went flying, landing in Dubbo's arms. "WAAAH!" Blood was everywhere. Dubbo screamed, "It's over! The Chief's dead!"

Suddenly, the Master Chief respawned right next to him. "Not yet." He smiled at Dubbo. "You called?"

The Australian trooper sputtered, "Butâ€|butâ€|but you're right over _there!_"

Umâ€|yeah. "Explain later. Fight now."

Cortana got in a few words for their benefit. "I don't know how, but whenever the Chief dies, he justâ€|_respawns_. It's only happened twice now."

Meanwhile, the Master Chief was slamming the Elite's face into the wall. "I GIVE!" screamed the extraterrestrial warrior. "I GIVE! I GIVE! I Gâ€|" SPLAT! Nothing remained of its face but a pulpy purple mess.

"ROOOOAAARRR!" yodeled the Master Chief like a bat out of Hell. He wiped the gore from his visor and charged into the next room. All the Covenant in the structure were soon wiped out.

As the second elevator reached its destination, the Master Chief tensed at the sound of Covenant milling about nearby, heedless of the imminent danger. Dubbo reached out a hand to tap his shoulder. "Uhâ€|Chief?"

"HOYAH!" the Master Chief screamed suddenly, like a possessed Navy SEAL, stomping from the elevator. There was another tap. He snarled, "Not now, Marine!"

Dubbo gulped, weakly trying to fire his gun. The Chief realized it hadn't been him and looked to see another Honor Guard, breathing heavily like some horror-movie stalker. Before it could strike, our hero shattered its arms, kicked it in the head and stole its sword. "It's about time I got to do this again!" he giggled sadistically, and embedded the blade in the Elite's colon through its anus. "Still beats being raped by Jiralhanae," death-rattled the alien warrior.

A squad of Grunts finally chose to scream in terror, but it was too late. Humming "The Blue Danube," the Master Chief gorily eviscerated each and every one of them. After killing Drones and Elites outside, he watched as the Pelican from before dropped off more supplies and troops. Then, swapping the sword for a shotgun, he advanced through some ruins.

"This is my last run, Chief!" announced the Pelican pilot. "I'm

running out of fuel. I'm not sure if I'll make it back."

"You'll be fine," said SPARTAN-117, waving a hand dismissively.

"But I think I should contact UNSC forces forâ€"

"_EBSK!_" roared the Chief in his demonic voice.

"OKAY, OKAY! I'M GOING!"

The Chief crossed his arms and nodded. "He's got enough fuel."

Seconds later, the Pelican nosedived from sight and crashed into the water. There came a puff of black smoke.

The Chief felt his right eye bug out and the left one twitch.

Cortana banged her head against his brain. "Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" the AI cursed. "I _knew _I should have said something!"

The Master Chief cracked his knuckles and started the gondola. "Okay, Cortana, it's time for the Prophet to meet his baker."

Cortana sighed, "If you had gotten it right, that would've been the coolest one-liner you've ever said."

"Awwâ€|"

The Pelican's pilot swam from the wreckage of his sinking Pelican toward the gondola. "Hey! Chief!"

At that moment, something seized the airman's leg and yanked him underwater quicker than you could say "left cheek."

"_Â¡__DIOS MIO!_" shouted Corporal Perez. "It killed him!"

"Hold on, Corporal," said the Chief patiently. They waited for a few seconds until a jet of bloody water shot into the air, followed by a flight helmet. The Master Chief quickly muttered, "Never mind. He's dead."

"Oh, what now, _amigo?_ Are you telling me we have to deal with giant fish, too?"

"No!" retorted the Chief. He thought a moment. "...But just in case, let's stick to the middle of the gondola."

* * *

><p>A Grunt carrying a portable turret set up the weapon and giggled with glee as it aimed at the incoming gondola, waiting to make its ancestors prâ€"<p>

BLAM! The Grunt's noggin exploded into bits of blue gore. The Master Chief switched to the shotgun, picked up a Grunt, said, "Make my day" and tossed the diminutive alien trooper over the edge.

With the exterior of the temple secure, the Chief ordered Dubbo and Perez to return to the ruins. As they departed, he yelled, "If you see the big fish, try and catch it so we can have a big dinner tonight!"

Dubbo, pretending to ignore him, fought the sudden urge to urinate.

Suddenly, Slipspace ruptures appeared high in orbit. Hundreds, no, _thousands _of phallic-looking Covenant assault cruisers materialized, followed by something that looked somewhat like a giant ass, far bigger than any of the ships.

"That's no moonâ€|" mumbled the Chief.

"â€|It's a space station," a forlorn-sounding Cortana finished.

The Marines gagged at the _Star Wars _reference.

"Well, 'artificial planet' would probably be more accurate," Cortana added. "It must be High Charity."

* * *

><p>"YOU!" the Prophet of Regret screamed at the Master Chief as the supercommando beat aside the Grunts and Elites.<p>

"YAAAAHH!" screamed the Chief, diving at the grav throne.

Regret teleported away, and the Chief skidded across the floor and slammed headfirst into a wall.

"Ha! Why anyone would fear this Demon," proclaimed Regret, "is beyondâ€|_uh-oh._"

The Chief bellowed and boarded the throne. "EAT! MY! DOO-DOO!" He began hammering the Prophet with punches.

"AAH! AGH! EEGH! CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER? OW! I PROMISE YOU FREE SEX! EVERYONE LOVES SEX!"

The Chief punched through the alien's chest and ripped out his heart, which looked like a penis.

"You _monster_â€|" cried Regret in an effeminate voice, coughing up blood.

The Chief raised his fists and said three words: "_Kiss my tushy_." He let fly and the Prophet of Regret heard no more. The grav throne crashed, and Cortana warned, "The Covenant fleet's about to fire on our position! Let's get out of here, now!"

The Master Chief hauled ass outside. A huge pulse laser beam followed him, expanding, until the entire structure was vaporized. The Chief jumped and hit the water. His vision was foggy. Just before he fell unconscious, he thought he saw a pair of tentacles wrap around him.

"_This is not your graveâ€|_" A low rumble echoed through the water, followed by a gigantic loogie. "_But you are welcome in it._"

10. Sacred Icon

He felt the needâ€¦

The need to pee.

Something big and drastic was happening to the hierarchy of the Covenant. The Jiralhanae, for some reason, were suddenly taking over as Honor Guardsâ€”and more significantly, getting a role as important, if not more so, as that of the Sangheili themselves.

The Arbiter noticed a Jiralhanae and a Sangheili fighting over a staff. The former punched his opponent in the crotch and the Sangheili went down with a strangled cry of "Mommy!" The Arbiter shuddered as he passed a pair of Jiralhanae Honor Guards on his way into the Prophets' chamber.

Sadumee waved a pistol in Truth and Mercy's faces. "This is unprecedented!" he exclaimed in shock. "_Unacceptable!_"

The Prophet of Truth, ever patient, cunning and sociopathic, regarded Rtas 'Sadumee like one would a glob of chewing gum on the sole of their shoe. "A Hierarch is dead, Commander. D-E-A-D, _dead._" His voice lowered to a bare whisper. "Now he's out of the wayâ€”er, it isâ€¦_regretful _the Demon got in the way! Not to imply I was involved in Regret's deathâ€”I mean, certainly not!"

Fortunately, 'Sadumee was so angry, he didn't hear the treacherous words; neither did the Arbiter. "His murderer was within our grasp," the Ultra growled. "If _someone_, " he continued, giving Truth the Pointy Finger of Doom, "had not withdrawn our Phantomsâ€”"

"HOW DARE YOU QUESTION MY DECISION!" the Prophet of Truth shrieked in a rare moment of lunacy. "AREN'T YOU?"

Shocked, 'Sadumee took a half-step back. "No, Holy One. I only wish to express my concern that the Jiralhanaeâ€”"

"Recommissioningâ€”"

"FUCK!" cried 'Sadumee in extreme, pent-up rage.

Truth still had a finger up to enunciate his sentence. He glared and resumed, "Recommissioning the Guard was a radical step, but recent events have made it abundantly clear that the Sangheili can no longer guarantee our safety. They suck ass."

'Sadumee knew he was beaten and turned to leave. "I shall relay your _decision_ to the Council." He walked away, nodding sadly at the Arbiter, and murmured in Truth's general direction, "_Asshole._"

"What was that?" Truth yowled, but the Sangheili had already vanished. "SOMEONE GET ME A COLD GLASS OF UNGGOY BLOOD!"

The Arbiter quaked in his boots as he approached.

The Prophet of Truth managed a Cheney-esque lopsided grin. "Did you know, Arbiter, that the Sangheili have threatened to resign? To quit the High Council? All because of this _exchange of hats?_"

"_We,_" replied the Arbiter with a note of confusion in his voice, "have always been your protectors." Tears welled up in his eyes.

"Oh, shut up, you pussy," scoffed the Prophet of Truth. "These are trying times for all of us."

"Indeed," Mercy grumbled. "Even as the humans' rape and annihilation filled us with the satisfaction, the loss of one of the Sacred Rings wracked our hearts withâ€"

Truth was beginning to become most annoyed at his comrade's getting in more words than himself. "Putting our sorrow aside," he continued, cutting Mercy off with a vulgar gesture, "we renewed our faith in the prophecy that other rings would be found. And see how our faith has been rewarded!"

The Prophets turned in their gravity thrones to look out the window at Installation 05â€"Delta Halo.

"Halo!" drooled Mercy, before Truth could speak again. "Its divine wind will rush through the stars, propelling all who are worthy along the path to salvation!"

The Prophet of Truth had had enough. "Are you done?" he deadpanned.

Mercy gave him a saddened look and shut his mouth.

"But how to start this process? For ages, we searched for one who might unlock the secrets of the ringâ€"an Oracle. And with your help," said Truth with a nod to the Arbiter, "we found it."

The "Oracle" looked dazed. 343 Guilty Spark, trapped in energy-field-induced suspended animation, slurred, "I haaaaaven't beeen _this _buuuuzzed in twenty-five-thousand yeeeeeaars!"

The Prophet of Mercy saw his chance. In one breath, he shouted, "_With appropriate humility we plied the Oracle with questions and it with clarity and grace has shown us the key!_"

Unfortunately for the wrinkled old alien, his fellow had heard every word. Truth turned to Mercy and said in a sinister voice, "_Shut. Up._"

Mercy hid his fearful expression behind his many facial wrinkles.

"You will journey to the surface of the ring, and retrieve this Sacred Dildo. With it, we shall fulfill our promiseâ€"

"_SALVATION FOR ALL!_" cried Mercy at the top of his lungs, desperate to say _something_.

"â€"And begin the Great Journey," growled the Prophet of Truth, as he changed the hologram to display what looked like a large, T-shaped

metal sex toy, clenching his fists and teeth in a struggle to keep from murdering Mercy, right here, right now.

* * *

><p>Delta Halo's serene atmosphere was assaulted with noise as the Phantom carrying the Arbiter swiftly descended to his destination.<p>

Tartarus scratched his hairy behind with one hand. "Once the shield is down, we'll head straight to the Library. I do not wish to keep the Hierarchs waiting."

The Arbiter couldn't care less about the Prophets' impatience. "The human who killed the Prophet of Regretâ€|who was it?"

Tartarus gagged loudly. "Who do you _think?_" he growled.

The Arbiter gulped and whimpered, "The Demon is _here?_"

"No shit, Sherlockâ€|whoever _that _is. Looking for a little payback, are we?"

The Arbiter finished checking his carbine. "Retrieving the Dildo is my only concern."

Tartarus laughed so hard, the dropship almost fell out of the air. "Of course," he said sarcastically.

The Phantom approached the Sentinel Wall, and the Arbiter wondered if there would be any Sentinels waiting for himâ€|then realized how stupid a question that was. Of _course_ there would be. He floated to the floor. "Ready, willing and unstable," he muttered to himself, and leveled the carbine.

* * *

><p>The Arbiter was thousands of feet off the ringworld's surface. Smaller robots called Constructors flew around here and there, repairing machinery. There was a soft but ominous wind. It was quietâ€|too quiet.

A gigantic shadow loomed behind him. The Arbiter spun around, saw what was casting it and gasped, "Oh. My. Forerunners."

It resembled a Sentinel, but was far larger. Two oddly-shaped energy shields covered its front. It had four arms and a huge phallic-looking weapon.

"Mommy," said the Arbiter, who, without further ado, shit himself.

The machine was just about to attack, when it was struck by several heavy plasma bolts. Tartarus had seen the robot and had come back around to drive it away. The Phantom swooped by, still firing, and the machine gave chase. "Lower the shield, Arbiter! I'll deal with this Enforcer and pick you up when you're finished!" Tartarus told him.

The Arbiter made his way towards the piston, swatting at the

Constructors. Before he had gotten there, he heard a loud buzzing sound. "Uh-oh."

A device mounted on a wall glowed blue and red, and a Sentinel exited from it. It saw the Arbiter and immediately let him have it. "OW!" he screamed. He whipped out his plasma pistol and fired. BOOM! The robot exploded into bits, save its laser weapon. The Arbiter appropriated it and ran to a piston.

"What's up, Arbiter?" said a veteran Unggoy who stood there. The Arbiter punted the other alien down the open shaft. "AAAAAHH!"

"This isn't so baâ€œOW! EE! OOH! AAH!" The Arbiter's ass hit metal and he ricocheted off the walls like a pinball in its machine. He slammed into the floor, spread-eagled, and moaned, "Tiltâ€œ|!"

"Arbiter our savior!" As two Kig-Yar with Brute plasma rifles approached, the Unggoy told them, "Stupid Kig-Yar. Say 'thank you!'" It poked the Arbiter with its needler. "Is Arbiter okay?"

The Arbiter flopped up and down like a fish out of water, got up and said, "Of course. Never felt better." He leaned backward, and his backbone cracked. "Owie." He looked the Unggoy over. "Where are your superiors?" he asked, emphasizing _superiors _with hate in his voice.

The Unggoy shrugged. "Last time we see, they tell us to guard entrance. We no see them since. More Unggoy and Kig-Yar on lower floors, but Sentinels big pain in excrement hole."

"I see," deadpanned the Arbiter as he patted his arm where the Sentinel had zapped him. "Go hide and wait for reinforcements."

"Butâ€œbutâ€œyou not help?"

"That's an order." The Arbiter giggled uncontrollably. He hadn't gotten to say that in a long time.

The Unggoy obeyed with a grumble as the Arbiter went on through more piston shafts and Sentinels, and so on and so forth.

* * *

><p>After yet another piston, the Arbiter encountered a group of fleeing Unggoy, who wet themselves as they ran. "What happened?" he asked.<p>

An Unggoy jumped into his lap and screamed, "BIG SCARY THING! RUN AWAY! IT GOT BLINGBLING!" The Arbiter dropped the lesser alien and watched stupidly as it scrambled away in the other direction. He motioned to the two Kig-Yar, who crouched behind their orange shields. "You two. Go investigate."

Combat ready, they went around the corner, out of his sight. The Arbiter grinned at the following sound of plasma fire. Seconds later, there was a different sound, followed by explosions and the screams of the Kig-Yar. The Arbiter immediately frowned. He crept over to where they were and saw their smoldering corpses. "Oh, my." He looked

up and saw an Enforcer moving ominously toward him.

Tartarus contacted him at the same time. "It is useless to attack the Enforcer at the front, especially when its shields are up. Stay in the shadows, wait until it loses interest, then strike the beast when its back is turned." When the Arbiter didn't respond, he guessed the rest. "It's already seen you, hasn't it?"

"Yep." The Arbiter began to sweat.

"Wellâ€¦good luck. Bye!"

"Shit." The Arbiter leapt off the platform onto some sort of gondola. The Enforcer turned to follow, but he threw a plasma grenade at just the right angle. The technological terror didn't react, even as it exploded into too many pieces.

Just as he began to relax, the gondola moved. He growled in frustration. He could never get a break, could he?

"Uh-oh." As the gondola came to a stop, the Arbiter was immediately attacked by Sentinels and Orgy. "DIE!" he cried as he simultaneously fired a plasma rifle at the Sentinels and an SMG at the Orgy. He noticed an opening and jumped through it. Like a hurdler, he bounded over barriers and made his way to the next piston.

As the disgraced Sangheili warrior landed, he noticed a shotgun lying on the floor. He picked it up and thought, Humans. Ironically, he intercepted a transmission. It was a human. "Proceed to the objective! We'll hold 'em off as long as we can! Aah! AAH! GET IT OFF MY ASS! Suppressive fire! Suppressive fire!"

The Arbiter plowed through Marine and Orgy alike and fell through piston after piston, until finally, he made it outside.

11. Quarantine Zone

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven..._

The Arbiter fell on his back, sword in hand, staring at the smoky sky and willing the pain in his limbs to go away. "Saduâ€¦" he wheezed, "Sadumeeâ€¦!"

The Special Operations commander shook his head in pity as he approached the other Sangheili. "Arbiter, what brings you here?"

"In theâ€¦in theâ€¦theâ€¦" The Arbiter tried to catch his breath. "In the center of this zone lies a Sacred Dildo, critical to the Great Journey. I have to get it."

Sadumee nodded. "We shall cut into the heart of this infestation, retrieve the Dildo and burn any Orgy who stand in our path!" With that, he let out a roar that sounded almost like Chewbacca's.

"Uh," muttered one of the commandos, "what was that?"

Sadumee replied, "Just my Wookiee impersonation."

"Ohâ€¦what's a Wookiee?"

"A race we wiped out, before your time." Sadumee cleared his throat. "Let's go." To the Arbiter, he said, "The Parasite is not to be trifled with. Hope you know what you're doing."

"Yeah," gulped the Arbiter, "me too."

Suddenly, they heard the chilling, bloodcurdling cry of
"_WRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!_"

Cried a commando, "It's the Parasite!" He chopped the nearest rape form in two. "Insert corny dogmatic insult here!" he roared. "Whoops. Sorry. That was a glitch."

The Arbiter was about to curse out Bungie, but God AKA Joseph Staten was always listening, so he kept his mouth shut.

The Sangheili destroyed any intact corpses and hopped into Ghosts and a Spectre. "Onward to the Sacred Dildo!" a commando shouted as they cruised away. They entered another structure full of Sentinels and Enforcers, plus Orgy in Ghosts. Rock music began playing from nowhere. The Spectre's gunner sent high-speed pulses of plasma into metal and flesh, screaming, "I'm so fucking high right now! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!"

The Arbiter, however, screamed in fright. "I never learned how to drive!" Suddenly, heading down a ramp, he spotted a Scorpion tank. "We've found a human vehicle!"

"Keep moving," Sadumee answered. "I'm on my way."

"Ooh! He's on his way!" the gunner mocked. "Real helpful!"

The Sangheili boarded the tank and continued until they reached an apocalyptic battlefield. Orgy-piloted Wraiths bombarded Enforcers, which responded with barrage after barrage of missiles. The Scorpion awkwardly rumbled through the flaming valley. As the Arbiter almost drove into a pit for the third time, his fellows were in a terrible mood. "If you do that _one more time_, I will personally send you on the Great Journey prematurely!" one of them growled. The Arbiter ignored him, opening fire on the many Sentinels and Enforcers patrolling the wreckage of a Sentinel Constructor Factory.

They rushed through the small opening and were swarmed by the Orgy. More than one commando fell to the horny freaks.

A rape form fired its M19 at the Spectre speeding towards it. The rocket missed; the vehicle did not. As the Arbiter and Sadumee exited the craft, the former picked the weapon up. They rushed through a corridor to a gondola. A loud noise caught their attention. Another gondola began to move out.

Sadumee cursed loudly and in grammatically incorrect sentences. "The blasted humans must be after the Dildo! Damn!"

More ghoulish howls echoed behind them. Sadumee drew his energy sword. "Go, Arbiter! I'llâ€¦WAAA!" As the SpecOps commander took a step off the gondola, the Arbiter activated it. Sadumee held on for dear life.

Tartarus's Phantom moved in ahead of them. The mohawked Jiralhanae played with himself absently. "I see that coward didn't join you."

Sadumee yelled, "I'm right here, you limp-dicked excuse for a Chieftain!"

"LIMP?!" The Phantom began to lose altitude due to the sheer weight of Tartarus' gargantuan erection. Sadumee rested his case, needless to say.

Another battalion of rape forms attempted to impede their progress. After an hour of combat, they finally made it to the Library.

The Sangheili warriors fanned out. "We'll watch your exit, Arbiter," said a majordomo.

Replied the Arbiter, half-jokingly, "Just look. Don't touch."

Even Sadumee had to chuckle at that.

Corporal Perez wrinkled his nose at the sudden, awful stench. "Eww, _coÃ±o!_ Warn me before you let one go!"

Mackenzie frowned. "That wasn't me."

"What? Then whoâ€™" Perez broke off as he saw something in his peripheral vision. "THERE!"

BLABLABLAM! BLABLABLAM! BLABLABLAM! Seven, then, fourteen, then _twenty-eight_ rape forms charged the two hapless Marines. The roar of gunfire slowly but surely died, replaced by horrible screams of horror and agony. "_MI CULO! MI CULO!_" Perez screamed. The tentacle burst through his colon, up his esophagus, out his mouth and went after Mackenzie. The other Marine tried to jump into the pit, but the slimy appendage caught and then violated him, too.

Commander Miranda Keyes searched the room for something to help her retrieve the Index. A huge phallic tentacle seemed ideal. She used it as a line. Miranda snatched the Index and was about to think of a way to get back up, when the tentacle gave way. Before she could scream, the thing jerked to a halt. She looked up to see Sergeant Johnson hanging on to the tentacle. "Y'know," he said rather conversationally, "you could have held onto _mine_. But whatever. Your father never asked me for help either."

Johnson helped the commander to her feet. "Mackenzie, Perez! How's our exit?" There was no answer. "You hear me, Marines?" Johnson waited a half-second and muttered, "We got trouble." Miranda unlimbered two SMGs.

The Sergeant Major scanned the vicinity until a shimmer crossed into his vision. He swore and managed to squeeze off a single burst from his BR-55 before the Arbiter disarmed him. "How ya doin'?"

By way of reply, the alien headbutted him. Johnson was merely dazed, however, as he snapped, "It's gonna take mâ€™" An armored knee to the family jewels did the trick.

"JOHNSON! STAY DOWN!" Miranda cried, but then she saw him lying unconscious and shrugged. "Guess that works, too."

The Arbiter whirled on Miranda and, with a single swipe, knocked the guns from her hands before she could fire a shot. "I'll take thaâ€"HUH?"

The commander's dazed form flew through the air and into the hairy arms of Tartarus, thanks to his Gravity Hammer.

"Aw, what the hell?"

"Excellent work, Arbiter. The Hierarchs will be pleased," the simian-porcine alien rumbled.

Clutching his knee where he had bruised it on the Sergeant Major's penis of steelâ€"or so it feltâ€"limped over and coughed, "The Dildoâ€"isâ€"my responsibility, you know."

Tartarus grinned evilly. "_Was_ your responsibility. Now it is mine."

The Arbiter became abruptly aware of several Jiralhanae troops covering him with their Brute shots.

"A bloody fate awaits you and the rest of your impotent race," Tartarus growled, "and I, Tartarus, Chieftain of the Jiralhanae will send you to it!"

The Arbiter was too shocked. "When the Hierarchs learn of this, they'll have _both_ _your heads."

"When they learn?" Tartarus burst into laughter. "Fool. They _ordered_ _me to do it."

The Arbiter's mandibles hung open as he held up a sign reading DUMBASS Before he could react, Tartarus cock-slapped him, and he hurtled into the dark depths.

"AAAAAAAAGH!"

12. Gravemind

All the Master Chief could see were red lights.

"Ughâ€" groaned the super soldier, "how much candy did I eat last night? Is that the Red Ring of Death I see? I've got the _funniest_ _feeling of inertiaâ€" "

Cortana snapped him out of his daze. "Whatâ€"the fuckâ€"is _that?_"

"_I?_" An eerie basso voice rumbled through the deep darkness, carrying with it the stench of decay and old sex. "I_ am a monument to all your sins._"

Something sinuously moved into viewâ€"an Elite, clad in unique silver armor, struggling like a bass on the hook. The alien grunted, cursing near-unintelligibly at the rancid entity which held him captive with

its massive, slimy tentacles. Alarmed, the Master Chief stammered, "R-relaxâ€|I'd rather not tick this thing off. Oh, myâ€|"

"Demon!" the Elite snarled in reply.

The _thing_ brought them closer. There came some sort of noise, like a demonic chuckle. "_This one,_" it belched, waving the Chief about gently, "_is machine and nerve, and has a mind more stupid_." Gesticulating to the Elite, it continued, "This_ one is but flesh and faith, and has balls less protruded._"

The Arbiter huffed with indignation. "HOW _DARE _YOU!" he yodeled helplessly. "I'M THE TIP OF THE HOLY ONES' DICK!"

The Master Chief whimpered through clenched teeth, "These tentacles are probing where they _really_ shouldn't beâ€|!"

"Kill me or rape me, parasiteâ€"and personally, I hope you choose the formerâ€"but do notâ€"do _not_â€"waste my time with _talk!_" screeched the Arbiter. A tentacle whacked him across the face like the rod of a sadistic nun.

The monster burped again. "_There is much talk, and I have listenedâ€|through rock and metal and time. Now _I _will gab and _you _will listen._"

"How 'bout you just kill me?" pleaded the Arbiter. "Quickly, painleâ€"_oh my Forerunners!_"

Two more tentacles appeared. One held the Prophet of Regret, reanimated and covered in mucous rot; the otherâ€|a Monitor!

"Oh no," the Master Chief cringed, "not _another_ one!"

"Greetings!" said the red-eyed machine. "I am 2401 Penitent Tangent. I am the Monitor of Installation 05."

"And I am the Prophet of Regretâ€|Councilor most highâ€|Hierarch of the Covenantâ€|_bleh!_" coughed the late religious fanatic.

Penitent Tangent's eye glowed brighter as it spotted the Master Chief. "A Receiver? _Here?_ At last! We have much to do. This facility must be activated if we are to control this outbreak."

The Chief glowered at it. "Get this thing out of my face!"

"Stay where you are!" Regret spewed. "Nothing can be done until my sermon is complete!"

"Not true," Tangent answered matter-of-factly. "This installation has a successful utilization record of one-point-two trillion simulated and one actual. It is ready to fire on demand."

"I don't see a Comcast remote lying around," said the Master Chief.

Regret screamed at the top of his decomposing lungs, "OF ALL THE OBJECTS OUR LORDS LEFT BEHIND, THERE ARE _NONE _SO WORTHLESS AS THESE ORACLES! THEY KNOW _NOTHING_ OF THE GREAT JOURNEY!"

"And _you _know diddly about containment!" Penitent Tangent shot back. "You have demonstrated a complete disregard for even the most basic protocols!"

The Orgy monsterâ€"for there was now no doubt in both the Chief's and the Arbiter's minds that this necrophilic mass was a hitherto unknown form of the hated parasitic raceâ€"huffed and said, "_This one's containment and this one's Great Journey are the same._"

"NO-HO-HO-HO000000!!" Regret shrieked as he was taken away.

"_Your Prophets have promised you freedom from a doomed sex life, but you will find no release on this ring,_" intoned the creature. "_Those who built this place knew what they wrought. Do not mistake their intent or all will perish, as they did before._"

Eager to get his two cents in, the Chief piped up, "This thing's right. Halo's a weapon. Your Prophets are making a big, big, big, big, big, big, _big _mistake!"

The Arbiter flailed about, trying to punch the human. "Your ignorance already destroyed one of the Sacred Rings, Demon. It won't harm another!" _Although, technically, it was _my stupidity.

The monstrous Orgy form brought the Chief and the Arbiter face-to-helmeted-face. "_If you will not hear the truth, then I will show it to you._" It pulled them back apart, and then continued, indicating each respectively, "You _will search one likely spot, and _you _will search another. Fate had us meet as foes, but this ring will make us _lovers!"

"One thing," the Arbiter said to the SPARTAN, "we can agree on is that we both wish we were dead."

"Actually," replied the Chief, "I wish I was at Disneyland!"

The two vanished, teleported away by this strange new entity.

* * *

><p>"CHARGE!"<p>

The column of Grunts blitzed the Brute Honor Guards, only to be smashed by the energy staves and limbs of the larger aliens. Further back, more Grunts and the odd Jackal waved their plasma pistols about threateningly.

"We are, all of us, gravely concerned." The Prophet of Truth showed off the Index to the holocam, manned by a Minor Grunt. Beside him, a few Brute Honor Guards scratched lazily their hairy 'nads. "The release of the Parasite was unexpected, unfortunate. But there is no need to panic. In truth, this is a time to rejoice. A moment that all the Covenant should savor." Truth jammed the Index against the camera lens. "For the Sacred Icon has been found. With it, our path is clear, our entry into the Divine Beyond, guaranteed. The Great Journey is nigh and nothing, not even the Orgy can stop it."

The Grunt behind the camera stuck its head out and said, "Y'know, Holy One, this outlook is a little too conservative. Maybe you should

show the liberal side and explain what might happen if this whole thing faiâ€" "

A Brute Honor Guard shot the Grunt in the head, and it dropped like a rock. Truth smiled at it in praise. "Good job! I didn't even have to order you to kill him!"

Suddenly, the Master Chief materialized where the dead Grunt had stood. The Chief took a quick look around, getting his bearings, and spotted Truth, who recoiled visibly. "Boo."

The Prophet of Truth screamed most effeminately. "Kill him! _Kill him! _KILL HIM!" he shrieked to the Honor Guards. The Brutes stood in front of their leader as he teleported to safety.

* * *

><p>"Uh-oh," said John-117.<p>

Cortana shouted, "The faster you kill these guys, the better! Hurry, before theyâ€" "

"CHOCOLATE PUDDING!!" the Honor Guards bellowed, and with that, bum-rushed our dumbstruck protagonist quicker than you can say "w00t."

"Oh _shit! _They're berserking!"

The Chief backpedaled, scouring the floor for a weapon. Quickly, he scooped up a needler and, aiming at the closer alien, emptied the caddy in a flurry of pink death. He was a bit too late; the Brute got hold and began throttling him. That was when it remembered abruptly the thirty needles making it look like Pinhead. So did the Chief. "Aw, K-Fed kissing aâ€" "

BOOOSSSH!! The Master Chief was blown clear at supersonic speed, but the Brute's head and neck were now a ragged, scorched crater. The Chief coughed violently for a few seconds. "â€"Kâ€|kâ€|_kiwi bird!_" He looked back up just in time to see the other crazed simian about to steamroller him. "AAH!!" The scatterbrained supercommando rolled out of the way and the Brute slammed into the wall, groaned and collapsed, unconscious.

"So, Cortana," panted the Master Chief, sprinting past startled Jackals and Grunts, "do we have a plan? And by 'we,' I mean _you_."

His AI companion processed the equivalent of a helpless shrug. "Not really. I can handle the Indexâ€"stopping Truth is up to you."

"Great!" the Chief deadpanned. As more Covenant attempted to intercept him, he cast them aside in an assault unstoppable by sheer brute force (pun intended). Grunts screamed, fled or died. Mostly, they died, blue ichor puddling messily beneath their corpses. As for the Brutes, they provided not much greater a challengeâ€"all he had to do was wait for them to bunch up and then introduce one to a plasma grenade. For primates, they weren't particularly bright.

"HUHâ€|HUHâ€|HUHâ€|HUHâ€|_WHOA!_" The SPARTAN nearly ran over the precipice ahead. Cortana appeared on a holoprojector nearby. "Truth's moving through the lower levels. I'll reverse this grav lift. Drop down and cut him off, if you can." She cast a glance at the circular device.

"Umâ€|" the Chief mumbled.

"It's safe, really. Just step in," Cortana said encouragingly. "After that stunt on Cairo Station, I know you're not scared of heights."

The Master Chief looked down the hole. "Yeah, but you don't really _have_ a sense of height in space," he elucidated lamely.

Cortana sighed irritably and turned her back. "Fine, I won't watch. Meet you at the bottom, 'kay?"

* * *

><p>Chips Dubbo had never been this freaked out in his life. He'd joined the Marines, seen the galaxy, met interesting people, killed them, lost his penis twiceâ€"or was it three times?â€"only to end up here, in the brig of an enemy base, about to be brutally raped into the afterlife by a creature looking like King Kong's mutant spawn.

WHOOMPF! WHOOMPF! WHOOMPF! Dubbo looked up from his fetal position just in time to see his captors' brains blown out by high-velocity grenades. As SPARTAN-117 screamed taunts at the dead Brutes, Cortana said to him and his comrades, "Listen up, Marines! The Chief's hunting a Prophet and you're gonna help him kill the bastard." To the aforementioned swabbie, she commented, "That's all the Marines. Good job."

Dubbo, plasma rifle in hand, spotted movement up ahead. "We got incoming!" The group opened up immediately. Bolts of plasma streaked back and forth across the chamber, but in the end, the humans prevailed. The group rushed aboard the grav lift.

* * *

><p>"The Covenant," Cortana said to the Chief, "just destroyed two of their own ships. I'm also hearing reports of small-arms fire aboardâ€"Slipspace rupture!"<p>

The Master Chief spun around to see a frigate emerge from Slipspace and rocket by, shaking the floor. He zoomed in on the vanishing vessel. "Please tell me that's not the ship I think it is."

"It's the _In Amber Clad_, all right," Cortana said, confirming his worst fears. "Hailingâ€|no response. I'll keep trying to make contact, but I'm not picking up a single human vital sign."

"Crap."

This was the _Truth and Reconciliation_ times ten. Through firefight after firefight, the Master Chief kept waiting for a heart attack that never came. When Cortana told him of a battle between Brute and

Elite forces in the Mausoleum up ahead, he was all too happy to find a dark corner and hunker down.

But he wasn't the only human thereâ€”the SPARTAN spotted four men in civilian dress directly across the room from him, apparently playing air instruments. One of them appeared to be singing nervously under his breath along with the instrumental rock song that was playing from nowhere. "Who are those guys, and what in Wilkes-Barre are they doing here?" wondered the Chief as he scratched his helmeted head in bewilderment.

Suddenly, the singing dude let out a great, deafening belch. He and his companions took quick looks around to see if they'd been discovered. The guy wiped his forehead and said quietly enough that only the Master Chief, with his enhanced hearing, could make it out, "Whew. Close call."

"Uhâ€¦Ben?" the drummer chimed in with terror in his voice, pointing.

"What?" Ben turned around and came face-to-faceâ€”or lack thereofâ€”with a Hunter. "OH MY GOD, _NO!_" SPLAT! The Hunter, without further ado, pancaked him with its shield. The other men turned to run, but the second Hunter blocked their escape and fried them via a prolonged burst of radioactive incendiary gel.

"Crap," said the Chief again, and with that, he hauled MJOLNIR-clad ass for the exit.

"Chief? _Chief?_" Cortana asked. "CHIEF!"

"WHAT?!" the SPARTAN snapped back.

"I have good news and bad news. The good news is: I just picked up the Commander and Johnson's transponders. They're gaining on Truth."

"I'm afraid to ask, butâ€¦the bad news isâ€¦?"

Cortana sighed and answered, "The Marines are reportingâ€”and this is confirmedâ€”that Orgy are leaving the _In Amber Clad_."

At that horrible statement, the Master Chief skidded to a halt, threw his hands to the sky and groaned loud enough for the entire universe to hear, "AAAAW, _CRAP!_"

* * *

><p>Tartarus tossed 343 Guilty Spark to an Honor Guard and motioned to Miranda Keyes and Johnson. The Sergeant clutched his groin where Tartarus had kicked him, while Miranda shivered in her dress-blue bra and thong. Tartarus absentmindedly supposed she was breaking some uniform regulation. "Split them upâ€”one in each Phantom." The Chieftain moved on and kneeled to the Prophets of Truth and Mercy.<p>

"The hopes of all the Covenant," said Truth, handing the Brute the Index, "rest on your shoulders, Chieftain."

Tartarus chuckled evilly in his head. "My faith is strong. I will not

fail."

_It had _better _be strong when I achieve godhood and am a mere Prophet no more_, Truth thought.

Suddenly, Tartarus caught sight of Orgy penetration forms wriggling their way towards the Holy Ones. The Parasite was _here? _On _High Charity_ _itself?_ Tartarus raised the Dick of Fukt and attacked, aided by the attending Honor Guards. Many a penetration form was popped and crushed by hammer and foot.

Mercy was just starting to grin in smug triumph, when one of the slimy parasites leapt at him. "UGH!" The alien overlord struggled as much as he could to bar the little menace access to his most sacred, wrinkled ass. "HELP ME!"

Tartarus took a few steps to do just thatâ€"

"Let him be."

Tartarus whipped his head around to stare at the senior Prophet. Truth gazed at Mercy in detached contempt, and simply declared, "The Great Journey waits for no one, brotherâ€|not even _you._" And with that, the Prophet of Truth headed for a Phantom with Tartarus and company in tow, leaving Mercy to die with a penile penetrator jammed up his backside.

End
file.